



No. 90.—VOL. VII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1894.

[WITH TWO  
COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS.]

SIXPENCE.  
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MRS. HERBERT ROBERTS.

BY J. CASWALL SMITH, THE GAINSBOROUGH STUDIO, 305, OXFORD STREET.  
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

*Tuesday.* Early this morning a serious railway accident took place close to Chartham, near Canterbury. A goods train ran into a party of hop-pickers, who were crossing the line, and five were killed and eight injured.—Canon Curteis, who had not very long been chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, died at Lichfield.—The Metropolis had its foretaste of the season's fogs to-day.—No certainty prevails as to the Czar's health. According to later rumours he is not in so serious a condition as reported.—The military barracks at Granada, in Nicaragua, have been blown up, causing 200 deaths.—The Chairman of the Congregational Union delivered his presidential address to-day at Liverpool. There are 1000 ministers and delegates assembled.—The thrilling news that the infant Prince Edward has been "short-coated" has been circulated.—A new ballet, entitled "On Brighton Pier," was produced last night at the Empire Music-hall.—The Bishop of London preached before the Church Congress, using no manuscript, because of his bad eyesight.—Earl Grey, the oldest Peer, died at Howick, aged ninety-two. He was a prototype of the Duke of Argyll, excelling in rather querulous criticism of Parliamentary policy. He had much to do with establishing self-government of the Colonies, but on Home Rule wrote severe letters to the *Times*. At home he was "sweet as summer."—"Father Ignatius," in milder manner, but quite as strongly as last year, diatribed at the Church Congress against the "Higher Criticism." Bishop Bickersteth, as became the father of the Bishop of Japan, spoke earnestly for more missionary zeal among the clergy.

*Wednesday.* Professor Leyden left Berlin for Livadia. It is expected that he will accompany the Czar to Corfu. It is curious that a German physician should attend his Majesty, just as in a German Emperor's illness his chief physician was an Englishman.—An interview, which a French newspaper publishes, gives Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's sensible opinion as to the absurdity of any misunderstanding between France and England.—Five thousand Russian troops are on the Korean frontier at Hunchun.—The annual meeting of the Incorporated Law Society commenced at Bristol.—The Licensing Committee of the London County Council to-day heard applications for music, dancing, and theatre licenses. The question of "living pictures" was the chief interest. Strong opposition, headed by eloquent Mrs. Ormiston Chant, was offered to the renewal of the license of the Empire Theatre, with the result that the Committee notified their intention to decline it unless the promenades were abolished and no drink was sold in the auditorium.—Sir J. Blundell Maple won the Cesarewitch Stakes at Newmarket with Childwick, a horse obviously named after his country seat.—The Townley estate, which recalls the long litigation described in one of Dickens's works, again came before the attention of the magistrate at Bow Street. A further remand was granted to the men charged with conspiring to obtain money by false pretences.—Mr. Henderson, British Consul at Cadiz, suddenly shot himself at the Foreign Office, and died in a short time. The act was premeditated.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston, without ostentation and quietly as he lived.—The deputation of Swazi Queens sailed from Cape Town for England.—Sir John Astley, who, as "The Mate," was known in all circles of society, from Sandringham downwards, died, at the age of sixty-five. His successful book of reminiscences is still being reprinted.—At the Church Congress, Mr. Athelstan Ryley had a great, if rather noisy, reception as the champion of stricter religious instruction. One of the most interesting discussions was on "The Ethics of Amusements."—Señor Castelar had an hour's audience with the Pope, and afterwards expressed admiration for his Holiness's "sound common-sense."—The Hungarian Ministry succeeded in passing through the House of Magnates the last of its measures relating to civil marriages.

*Thursday.* The war in the East continues. The *Standard* is emphatic as to the "psychological moment" having arrived for the intervention of other Powers with a view to its conclusion.—The Church Congress was again crowded, and many interesting subjects were under discussion.—A like statement applies to the meeting of the Congregational Union at the other end of England.—Mr. Chamberlain, who has been busy on many platforms, addressed his Birmingham constituents on social reforms which might be effected by legislation.—The Right Hon. Colonel J. S. North died at the age of ninety.—The Licensing Committee considered the case of St. James's Restaurant.—The Princess Ferdinand of Roumania has added another child to Queen Victoria's circle of great-grandchildren.—Professor John Nichol, Emeritus Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University, died to-day, aged sixty-one.—To-day, in honour of Signor Verdi's eighty-first birthday, his opera "Otello" was performed for the first time in the Opera House, Paris. At the conclusion of the first act, the President invested him with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.

*Friday.* It was formally notified that Sir John Rigby, the Attorney-General, would be the new Lord Justice of Appeal, in the room of Lord Davey.—The jubilee of Johann Strauss, the famous Viennese composer and conductor, commenced with the production of his new operetta, entitled "The Apple Feast."—Rear-Admiral Markham, who planted the Union Jack in 1876 in the highest latitude ever reached, married yesterday Miss Gervers.—The Rev. E. A. Knox, Vicar of Aston, near Birmingham, has accepted the Suffragan

Bishopric of Coventry, vacant by the death of Dr. Bowlby.—The Church Congress, which has stirred the waters of controversy rather more than usual, concluded this evening at Exeter.—The health of Sovereigns is really the most interesting news this week. The Czar is taking frequent drives, and, save for his weakness, his condition seems less alarming. It is expected that a Council of Regency will shortly be announced. The Ameer of Afghanistan is, apparently, not so ill as was stated, for a letter from him reached Simla to-day.—Sir George Trevelyan spoke at Glasgow on the House of Lords, and Sir Henry James at Berry on the necessity of maintaining voluntary education.—The engine-driver Adamson died at the Northallerton Cottage Hospital from injuries sustained at the recent accident.—The Manchester Waterworks were formally opened at Thirlmere by Sir J. Harwood. They will give an immediate supply of ten millions of gallons a day.—The British ship Brandon is reported to have been driven on a reef on Sept. 26, and the captain and thirteen of the crew were drowned.

News from the seat of war continues to be contradictory. *Saturday.* There is a vague rumour that China is willing to negotiate peace, and that the British Government is doing all it can to bring about a cessation of hostilities.—The *Times* publishes the full text of the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation, signed on July 16, between Great Britain and Japan. It secures for British subjects the same complete equality in the eyes of the law that England extends to aliens.—The Archbishop of Canterbury opened the new wing of Croydon General Hospital.—An inquest on Mr. Patrick Henderson, late British Consul at Cadiz, was held this morning by Mr. Troutbeck. A verdict of suicide while temporarily insane was returned by the jury, after evidence by various gentlemen.—Messrs. Elliott Lees and W. H. Lever were nominated for the Birkenhead election as Conservative and Liberal candidates respectively.—G. Hunt, of the Notts Corinthians, beat the world's cycling record for a twelve-hours' race by riding at Putney 260 miles 177 yards.—The report as to the sinking of the Kowshing testifies to the good conduct of all on board, and states that it was due to heavy cannon-shots from the Japanese man-of-war, the Naniwa Kan.—Sir Edward Grey, who is constantly sending up trial balloons, said in a speech at Oldham that there were "great and sweeping changes in the future." This is a pretty safe prophecy even for a Radical politician.—From Leicester, coincident with the news that Manchester has its magnificent water supply "on tap," comes the intelligence that the reserve of water is becoming "small by degrees and (painfully) less."—Mr. George Edwardes has intimated to the employees at the Empire Music-Hall that in all probability the place will shortly be closed in consequence of the restrictions of the London County Council. But perhaps this is a little too previous.

*Sunday.* Writing from Berlin, a correspondent states that the proposal of the British Government to join with other European Powers in circumscribing the political results of the Korean war has not been accepted by the German Government, nor, apparently, by the United States. So the war must go on to the bitter end.—At Gambetta's birthplace, Cahors, M. Cavaignac delivered a manifesto on behalf of the Moderate Radical party, in which the adjustment of income-tax was a prominent point.—Latest news of the Czar says that he will leave for Corfu on the 24th, bidding farewell to his sick son, who returns to the Caucasus.—All throughout Belgium the General Parliamentary Elections were held. The results will not be known for some time, as the system of voting is decidedly complicated.—In Norway the trend of the recent elections seems very much towards separation from Sweden.—The centenary of the Roman Catholic College at Crook Hall, Durham, was celebrated to-day.—A good deal of nonsense was talked at an open-air demonstration at Peckham Rye against the House of Lords.

*Monday.* The Marchioness of Lorne opens the new addition to the Wedgwood Institute at Burslem.—The Prime Minister is at present staying at Balmoral.—Mr. Froude's condition is reported to be less satisfactory.—Sir John Astley's body was removed from London to Lincolnshire, where the funeral takes place to-morrow.

## A CLUB FOR FACTORY GIRLS.

There are at least 250,000 girls employed in London factories, and no portion of the community deserves more careful sympathetic interest from the public, which is in many ways dependent on their exertions for the ordinary necessities of everyday life. For some years an admirable work has been carried on in Bethnal Green, where on Oct. 6 the Duchess of Bedford opened a club at 94, Collingwood Street, which provides every evening social intercourse, amusement, and instruction for factory girls. The Duchess delivered one of those graceful speeches in which she excels, showing a complete appreciation of the difficulties and delights of the work. Mrs. H. J. Nicholson, who has spared neither time nor trouble in a cause which has long laid a heavy claim on her energies, spoke of the need to instil workers in factories with domestic knowledge. There were lessons given in singing, reading, writing, sewing, cooking, and drilling; and so strong did the ties become between teachers and pupils that they were reluctant ever to snap them. The excellent Recreative Evening Schools Association has no more worthy department than this branch in the East-End. A considerable sum is still needed to clear the heavy expenses, and donations, however small, will be most acceptable to the treasurer, Miss E. M. Hardy, 56, Bodney Road, Hackney Downs, E.



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## CITY UNIFICATION.

There are two sides to every question, and that of the City Unification is no exception to the rule. The other day I was lunching in the City, and two gentlemen entered the restaurant and sat down at a table near me. The first was a Radical. He abused the Court of Common Council and all its works, and the way in which he spoke of the Aldermen as a body was impious enough to make Gog and Magog turn on their pedestals. He concluded his diatribe by challenging his friend to mention any good purpose the present state of things served. To my surprise, the other man accepted the challenge, and, to use sporting language, took up the running, and won easily in a common canter. He evidently knew a deal about the inner working of the City, and he enumerated several trades that would suffer by the proposed Radical innovation, and cited instances of dozens of hard-working and deserving people who would be deprived of their present means of livelihood. The opinions expressed did not particularly interest me, but the whole conversation left me with a stronger conviction than ever that it is necessary to be on familiar terms with a subject before you endeavour to shine in its discussion.

## SUBURBAN JOURNALS.

It is not an absolutely unknown event for a London paper of some standing to be unintentionally funny, but for the most genuine humour commend me to the local suburban sheet. There is a suburb not far from London in which there has of late been an epidemic of marriages. Each local celebrity has outvied the other in magnificence, and the result of these efforts has been regularly chronicled. On every festive occasion a full list of presents is published in this dreadful local organ, comprising some of the most ridiculous and trivial things that ever had the honour of printer's ink. The good people who are responsible for this snobbery have evidently never studied the fable of the bull and the frog; but, as I derive great amusement from their methods, I am not sorry. There are, however, signs that the glut in the marriage market has upset the mental balance of the local sub-editor. Passing his office quite lately, I read the contents bill of the then current issue. I presume he wished to announce the latest marriage and then account for some case of suicide, but his method was peculiar. There were the following announcements displayed, and I only suppress the real name—

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(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## "CHANTERISM."

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who is so eminent a member of that advanced Social Purity Movement which has for some years added so much point to the great Apostolic saying concerning pure people and pure things, has had a grand field-day before the Licensing Committee of the London County Council; and, at least, she has added considerably to the entertainment of the week, for it would scarcely be possible to find more funny reading in a newspaper than the report of the case in which this lady and her friends opposed Mr. Edwardes's application for a renewal of the Empire licenses. Mrs. Chant is, no doubt, a charming woman, but she is capable of doing very curious things. She can listen to two young Americans who tell her what a very wicked place the Empire is. They were, she tells us, "full of complaints about the way in which they had been accosted and solicited by women." Not being ourselves members of the Social Impurity Band, we should have expected the lady to apply a definite snub to any two American "gentlemen" who should talk to her so indecently. They must certainly have been more American than gentleman. But Mrs. Chant listened to it all, and—went to see for herself! Apparently, she wanted to see if anyone would "solicit" her; for when she had paid a visit to the Empire "quietly dressed" and had drawn a blank, she "on another occasion went gaily dressed in order to get more information." These are Mrs. Chant's own words, and it seems a little hard that, after them, the gaily-dressed woman should resent having been taken for a gay woman—if, indeed, she were. What we know is that a pair of gentlemen did accost her on that night; but "they both apologised when they looked into the face of the woman they had accosted." No doubt, Mrs. Chant's face terrified them. No man can relish the face of Outraged Virtue when turned upon himself; but then why should Virtue go about to get outraged? It is very funny reading all this—or would be, were it not for the sadness of it. Mrs. Chant knows now what a very wicked place the Empire is: it must be, when it can hold two men who shall dare to accost gaily-dressed Mrs. Chant out alone at night, even if her dress and her position shall seem to invite solicitation. Mrs. Chant thinks that we are a most immoral people; but had Mrs. Chant behaved in Paris as she says that she has behaved in London she might have risked being taken in charge by a *sergent-de-ville*.

There are even other "Chanters" than this woman, some of them more extravagant in their statements. Mrs. Sheldon Amos, for example, considers the Empire promenade "the worst place she knows of in civilised countries"—she meant "European countries," she corrected. No woman has the right to say that any place is worse than others which she does not know, perhaps never heard of. The Empire is, and always has been, an admirably-conducted place of entertainment. It is wholly free from offence or disorder. What do these Chanters want? Suppose that women of a certain class do go to the Empire. By what right could these indecent females—we mean "indecent" in the true sense of the word; for it is indecent of women to stand up in public and say what these women have been saying—exclude them so long as they behave themselves? What would Mrs. Chant have said if she had been herself excluded from the Empire when she went there "gaily dressed" and alone? And if she could exclude them, what does she hope to gain for social purity by turning them on the streets, by forcing them upon the innocent passer-by, in place of leaving them to be sought out in comparative private by bold, bad men? If Mrs. Amos really thinks London more immoral than Paris, why does she try to make us less like Paris in this matter? The superiority of Paris lies in the fact that the *cocotte* and all her class are not driven into the street. We say this speaking from the point of view of the Chanters, who hold the Empire to be a "Haunt of Vice," which is certainly not our own point of view. In our view the judgment of women who can assert that the dancing at the Empire is "designed to excite impure thought and passion" is so warped, so prurient, so exaggerated, and so very nasty as to become absolutely disgusting; and, though we hesitate to use strong language to the worst of these women, we say that their ideas, however honest and self-righteous they may be, are absolutely degrading in themselves and worse than idle in their effect.

Of the Committee's decision in this matter we may not say much, since, Mr. Edwardes having appealed against it, the matter is still *sub judice*. But if the Council as a whole uphold their peddling Committee's decision, and so close the Empire—and Mr. Edwardes has said that that is what the decision, if enforced, will mean—some two thousand hard-working people will suddenly be deprived of their daily bread. It does not seem to strike the Chanters that such a result may practically force a number of honest, hard-working dancing-girls on the streets. Want is a more potent force in this direction than temptation; but your Chanter, presumably, does not know want, and her virtue, of course, is unassailable, even when out alone at night "gaily dressed."

"Martha, dost thou love me?" said a young Quaker.

"Why, Seth, we are commanded to love each other."

"Ah, Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to call thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thou wast getting more than thy share."—*Exchange*.

"Didn't you tell me, when I helped you years ago," said Downat-the-heel to Upintheair, "that you'd always remember it, and that you'd share your last crust with me?"

"I certainly did; and I will when I get to it."—*Life*.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

It would be difficult, if possible, to find an actress better fitted for the task of presenting a figure of home sweetness in contrast with society smartness than Miss Winifred Emery. The part of Margery Armstrong in "The New Woman"—portraits of this rôle I give—seems to have been expressly written for her—perhaps it actually was—and the only fault one can discover in her performance is that she is too



Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY IN "THE NEW WOMAN."

charming: one can hardly believe that her husband, Gerald, could not only grow tired of her, but even for a while believe that someone else is more attractive. Perhaps the part does not show Miss Emery at her best, for she has done finer, more arduous work before—such as her *Clarissa* or her *Frou-Frou*, or even her part in "Sowing the Wind"; yet, if anyone wishes to see an entirely delightful presentation of the intelligent, charming, domesticated woman, who is the ideal wife of every wise man, he will find it in the case of Margery Armstrong at the Comedy Theatre. I notice that the fiftieth representation of Mr. Grundy's play will be given to-night. It is a play to see, and has added a fillip of interest to the rather dull topic of the "New Woman," a theme which pursues us relentlessly in magazines and newspapers, and forms a topic of conversation at many dinner tables—more's the pity.

It may be unflattering, as well as true, to say that the speech expected at the end of the "Bunch of Violets" was as attractive to many as the piece. Rumour has been very busy about Mr. Beerbohm Tree's next production, and the reopening of the Haymarket seemed a likely occasion for an announcement. However, we got little for our pains. There will be a new play soon, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to play the heroine's part, and that is all we learn. Of course, all will be curious to see how far the suggestion that she is a one-part actress is true. Whether every dog has his day or bay, it is certain that almost all players have their evening, and few are the actors who, in some part, have not seemed almost first-class, and given misleading ideas of their gifts. However, after her *Rosalind*, *Tress*, and *Astræa*, though I suspect that she has

little versatility, I do not believe that the first representative of poor Paula is a "Single-speech Hamilton."

It would be difficult to say anything new about Mr. Grundy's adaptation of "Montjoye." Even "Chamillac," the best of Feuillet's plays, is a work whose depths cannot be sounded in one evening; and, although Mr. Grundy has written dialogue sometimes really witty, and avoided the ridiculous eleventh-hour repentance and happy-ever-after ending of the original, "A Bunch of Violets" is not a "come again" piece; nevertheless, no playgoer should cut it.

The performance raises the question how far the provincial tours are beneficial to the sacred art. It is a matter of common observation that foreign trips are sometimes prejudicial, to which proposition the case of Mrs. Kendal and Miss Janet Achurch bears witness. I am disposed to think that the same thing may be said of the summer campaigns of London companies. Certainly, both Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree are less admirable than they were on the first night of "A Bunch of Violets." They show a tendency to over-emphasis, they seem to be afraid that their points will pass unnoticed; like ladies who underline passages of relative importance in their letters, or authors who needlessly use italics, they lay great stress on little matters, and, by over-acting, mar performances that were worthy of high praise. This sounds unflattering for the provinces, but, in fact, the insult comes from the players, who modify their style to meet a supposed bluntness of perception and not from me.

One of the excellent portraits of Mrs. John Wood which appeared in our last issue was specially photographed for "Men and Women of To-day." I gladly acknowledge the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Eglinton and Co., of 7, Quality Court, Chancery Lane, in permitting their copyright portrait to appear. Mrs. John Wood's impersonation of the Duchess in "The Derby Favourite" is making her the Drury favourite.

MONOCLE.



Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY IN "THE NEW WOMAN."



## NOTES FROM THE MUSIC-HALLS.

"On Brighton Pier," the new ballet at the Empire, seems to me to be destined to success, and to deserve it. It has, indeed, almost all the elements of success. To begin with, it is designed by Madame Katti Lanner, and if anyone ever had a genius for inventing ballets it is Madame Lanner. Then it has as principal dancer that flitting and



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.

SIGNORINA BICE PORRO, PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AT THE EMPIRE.

fascinating little lady, Signorina Bice Porro, who seems to me, in company with Legnani, the most charming and accomplished principal dancer that we have had in London for a long time. Mr. Ryan has done the scenery, and Mr. Wilhelm has done the dresses, which is merely another way of saying that dresses and scenery are the best that can be seen in London. Then, are there not Signor de Vincenti and Mr. Will Bishop as dancers, Mdle. Cora, the Misses Vincent, Miss Élise Clere, Miss Paston, Miss Trée, and others, as dancers and pantomimists, and are not these clever and charming people supported by the choicest *corps de ballet* in London—a *corps de ballet* which, in some respects, the choicest in Europe, not, certainly, for its skill in dancing, but as certainly for its youth, its juvenile grace, its actual physical charm? Youth is a rare and beautiful thing, and the youth of English dancers is a constant amazement—need I say a constant delight?—to the foreigners who come to London with their experience of the haggard and too experienced *danseuses* of the Paris Opera, for instance. How many French poets I have taken to the Empire! They always enter sceptically. As we make our way towards my favourite corner, they admit that, at all events, the house is pleasant; when the curtain goes up, they confess that, in some respects, London can outdo Paris; and by the time the curtain falls they are accusing me of not being enthusiastic enough.

As for the new ballet, it is, of course, more or less *fin de siècle*; but it is with genuine imagination that it deals with even the prose of such things as nursemaids' frocks and fashionable walking-dresses. It is harder to make a good ballet out of such material than out of nymphs and goddesses; but real invention can be shown in the treatment of any subject, and Madame Lanner has inexhaustible invention. The mere story is slight enough, but none the less effective; on its serious side it is the story of a mother and her lost child (Madame Cavallazzi and Mdle. Cora); on its comic side it is the flirtations of two American heiresses (Miss Lizzie and Miss Ada Vincent). I generally hate the pathetic business in a ballet, and here, in the first scene, I find Madame Cavallazzi very much too emphatic and declamatory—if one may use such

a word—in her pantomime. But Mdle. Cora, who looks her part to perfection, is quite simple and restrained; she acts as if she were not acting, and, alike in her pantomime and her brilliant tarantella, she suggests a sort of suppressed excitement which is exactly what is wanted for the realisation of the character. The light comedy action is excellently done by the Misses Vincent (who take part in a pretty and amusing *pas de quatre*), by Miss Élise Clere, who has one or two quaint and cheeky dances, and by Mr. Will Bishop, whose first dance is as original as it is amusing. Signor de Vincenti has one dashing solo, and Signorina Bice Porro several graceful and intricate dances in the dazzling scene of the vision; a veritable queen of sirens, she floats and curves, and is enticing and elusive, among a miraculous group of sea-nymphs, who, with their glowing and fainting colours, from the palest of greens to the warmest of reds, leap suddenly, in a sort of watery Inferno, into the frivolous, flirting worldliness of Brighton. The music to this scene, the central scene of the ballet, has a certain charm, but for the most part it is but a characterless setting of popular tunes, which are themselves, however, cleverly chosen. It rarely seems to me that the management of the Empire makes a mistake, but the mistake of allowing M. Wenzel to leave was a serious one. To write ballet music is an art by itself, and that art M. Wenzel possessed to perfection. However, with all that there is to see, with the dancers and dresses, and the felicity of the whole arrangement—with the ballet, in short—one would be hard indeed to satisfy if one were not satisfied.

At the Alhambra there is plenty of entertainment in the programme. The new pantomimic sketch, "Monkey Island," continues to attract, and "Sita" satisfies all who admire the fine dramatic ballets for which the Alhambra is so celebrated. Various turns by Madame Braselli, Edwin Barwick, the Hugassets, and the Donatos, have their respective excellences, and especial mention may be made of the clever performance of Mdle. Dagmar and Mr. De Celle.

A. S.

## IN CELLAR COOL.

The possibilities of one's wine-cellar are by no means confined to the bottle-bound libations which lie awaiting the future festive hour of disinterment. Making a descent some days since, on evening hospitalities intent, I was amazed to find enormous growths of unspeakably ugly toadstools in a damp corner. These vagabond vegetables, which flourished, like their human prototypes, without visible means of subsistence, annoyed me very much, and I had them promptly shovelled away. But two days after, and there they had entered again, only more so, like the seven Biblical devils. These unnecessary humours of inflation are illogical, and have no excuse whatever. Why should a bar of old iron give birth to a dozen juicy young umbrellas, for instance, as if iron-mongery were succulent?

C.



Photo by Hana, Regent Street.

MDLE. DAGMAR AND MR. DE CELLE AT THE ALHAMBRA.

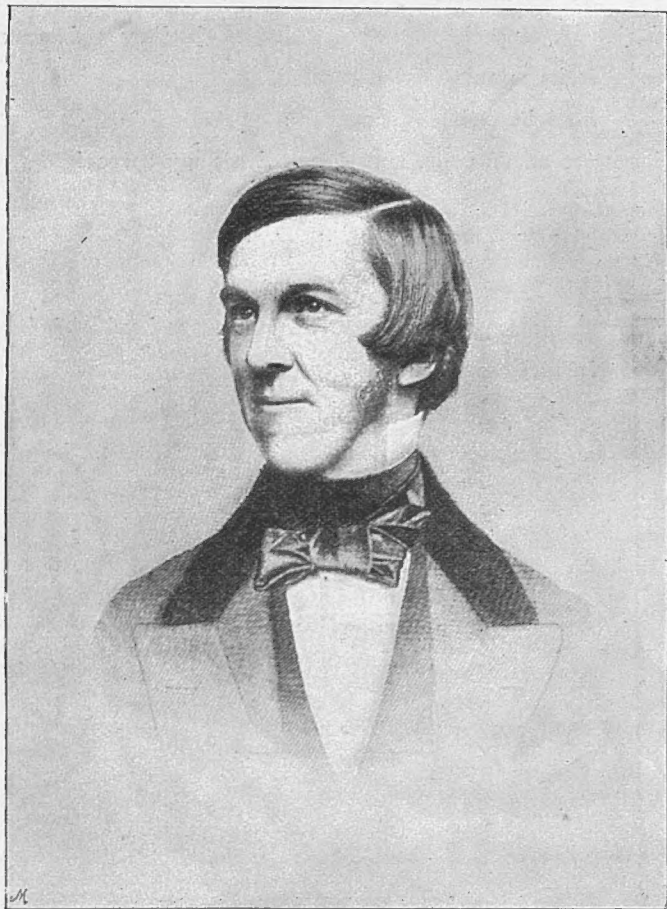


## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## A REMINISCENCE.

In the late autumn of 1886 I knocked at the door of 296, Beacon Street, Boston. It was opened, and in a room lined with books from floor to ceiling a small, kindly-faced man, with shrewd grey eyes, rose to bid me welcome. In another instant I had shaken hands and been motioned to a seat by the most genial of all autocrats, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

He had but lately returned from his last trip to Europe—that trip, which, on account of his hospitable reception in England, gave him more



THE LATE DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

pleasure than any event of his life. In reply to my assertion that he looked younger than ever, he said: "Oh, yes; but don't you know that in 1809 Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln, Tennyson, Edgar Allan Poe, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning were born, and as for me, why, I was unblushing enough to creep into that same year myself. So I am an old man, any way you put it."

"Yes; I had a delightful time," he continued, "and was nearly killed by kindness. I do not think that in all my sightseeing anything impressed me more than that green spot among the buildings in the Temple Churchyard, where a plain stone, laid flat on the turf, bears these words: 'Here lies Oliver Goldsmith.' I did not exactly drop a tear, but the memory of the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' stirred my feelings more than a whole army of Crusaders would have done."

"My visit to Tennyson was also most pleasant, and I saw the poet to the best advantage, under his own trees, and walking over his own domain. He took delight in pointing out to me the finest and rarest of his trees, and there were many beauties among them. My only regret connected with this visit is that I did not hear the great poet read any of his own works."

I was, indeed, no exception to the rule that those who paid their respects to the distinguished Autocrat found in him all that his admirers have anticipated while reading his sparkling poems. He was the perfect essence of wit and hospitality, courteous, amiable, and entertaining to a degree more easily remembered than imparted or described. For an uninterrupted period of fifty-seven years Dr. Holmes has lived in Boston, and for the last twenty years has occupied a spacious residence in Beacon Street. The chief point of attraction in this house is the large library, which may more aptly be termed the Autocrat's workshop. This room was up one flight, and occupied the entire rear half of the whole building on this floor. It is the most cheerful of apartments in every respect, and from the spacious windows overlooking the broad expanse of the Charles River there can be had an extensive view of the surrounding suburbs. On a clear day no less than ten of these charming cities and towns may be easily discerned. In addition to this picture, there may also be recognised the lofty tower of the Harvard Memorial Hall, which is but a few steps from the Doctor's birthplace and first home.

The poet's home life was ever a most happy one. He married, in 1840, Amelia Lee Jackson, whose father, the Hon. Charles Jackson, was a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Of this marriage three children were born, two sons and a daughter. Oliver Wendell Holmes, jun.,

the eldest son, now a judge, graduated from Harvard in 1861. He immediately enlisted, and served for three years during the Civil War, being severely wounded at both the battles of Ball's Bluff and Antietam. In Dr. Holmes's pathetic story, "A Hunt after the Captain," we have not only a vivid picture of war times, but a most touching revelation of fatherly love and solicitude. The younger son, Edward, is now a prominent lawyer of Boston.

His daughter, who married the late John Turner Sargeant, has, since her mother's death, devoted most of her time to her father. She has a charming house at Beverley Farms, a suburb of Boston, not far from the cottage of the late Lucy Larcom, and here, for many years, the poet spent his summers.

Dr. Holmes always took great interest in the Massachusetts Medical College, whose success owed much to his efforts. It was in 1849 that an event occurred which seriously threatened the life of this institution. On Nov. 29 of that year, Dr. George Parkman, a wealthy resident of Boston, called at the college to collect a sum of money due to him from John White Webster, the Professor of Chemistry. Angered by taunts, Professor Webster struck his creditor, and instantly killed him. Terrified by his act, he disposed of the body by cutting it up and burning the parts in a furnace. In a room directly over the one where this horrid deed took place, Dr. Holmes was at the same moment delivering a lecture.

Before taking leave, the poet kindly showed me his books, and his library contained many valuable and rare editions. By reason of his kindness of heart, a great demand was always made upon the Doctor's time by writers who sought his advice and criticism. "What business," said he, with a twinkle of his eye, "have these young scribblers to send me their verses and ask my opinion of them?" Everybody that writes a book must needs send me a copy. It's very good of them, but they're not all successful attempts at bookmaking, and most of them are relegated to my hospital for sick books upstairs."

But once a young writer sent from California a sample of his poetry, and asked the elder poet if it was worth while for him to keep on writing. It was evident that the Doctor was impressed by something decidedly original, for he wrote back that the beginner should keep on

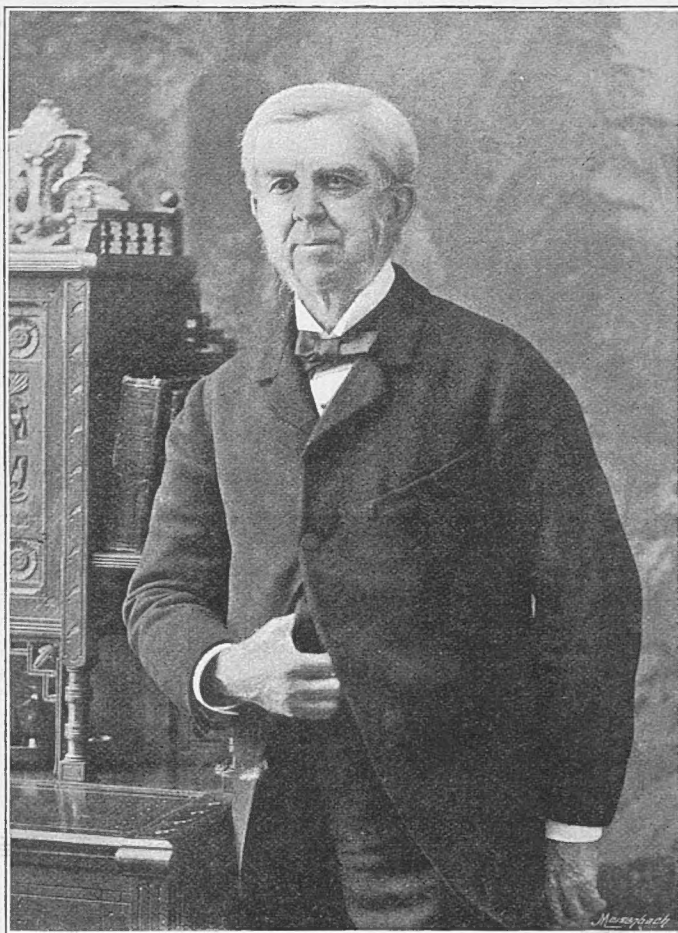


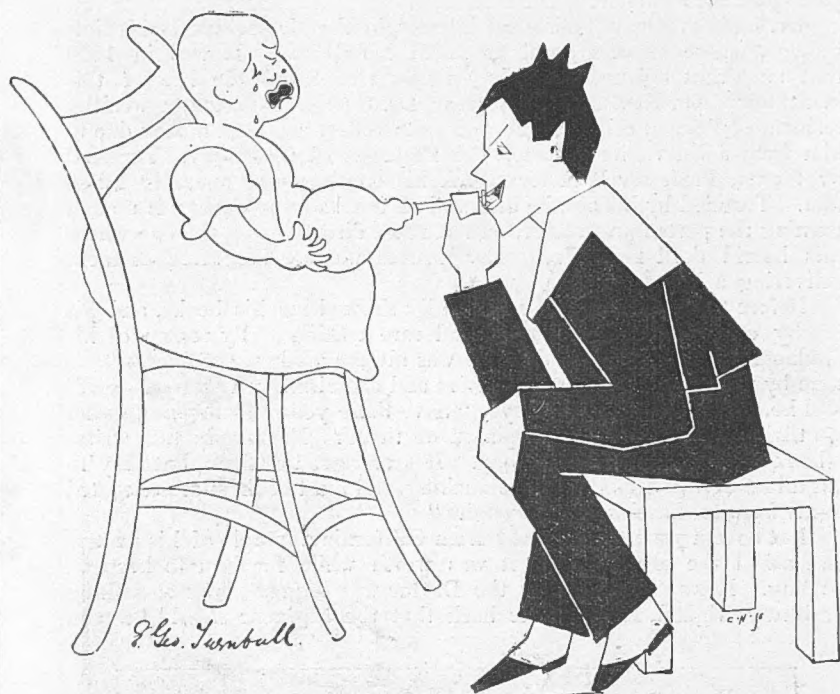
Photo by the Notman Photo Company.

THE LATE DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

by all means. Some time afterwards a gentleman called at the poet's house in Boston and asked him if he remembered the incident. "I do indeed," replied Dr. Holmes. "Well," said his visitor, who was none other than Bret Harte, "I am the man." C. S. WELLS.

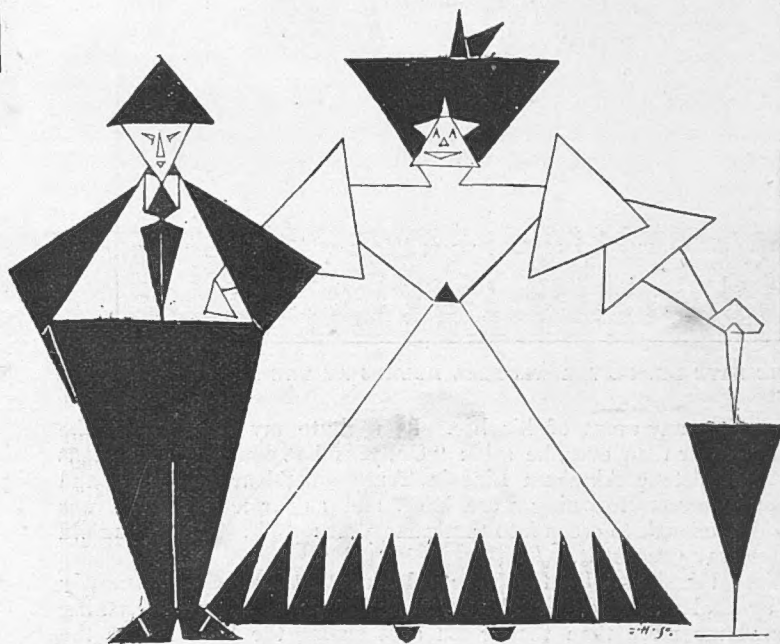
Mr. Ernest Hart met Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at a memorable dinner at Sir Henry Thomson's the day after the rejection of the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley were present. "Gladstone was in great form that day," said the Doctor. "At the very moment of the great crisis he was gay and sprightly, impressive and full of exuberant energy. I made bold to ask him, 'Are you not sorry at the rejection of the Home Rule Bill?' He answered in stately fashion, 'As a politician I am grieved; as a statesman I can hardly regret that this country will think yet again before it takes this great onward step, but I have no ultimate fear.'"





I hear the Art folks jawing  
Of the modern styles of drawing,  
The work, happy, of a chappie who is all straight lines and curves.  
If its meaning I but scented,  
I might feel less demented;  
My toosiepegs are all on edge, and shattered are my nerves!

And when I'm gently sleeping,  
A dream comes o'er me creeping,  
A Wierdsley nightmare of a Thing, with monstrous head of hair,  
In attitude so strained,  
That to see it I am pained.  
These quips and pranks of modern cranks will drive me to despair!



If you want to be the craze  
Of the fashionable maze,  
You must not paint Dame Nature as she is or ought to be;  
You must go to her a-squinting,  
With your eye all sideways glinting,  
And when the sane world wonders, you must say, "That's how *I* see!"

Will the world believe you? Never!  
But she'll fancy you are clever.  
And though I cannot draw a bit, I'll on with martial tread.  
I'll cause artistic jangles,  
I will make folk all triangles,  
And say I drew them upside down when standing on my head!

E. G. TURNBULL.





## THE SELBINIS AT HOME.

It is admitted on all hands that the Selbinis are without rivals in their own business. They are kings and queens of the bicycle, just as Blondin is king of the tight-rope. Anxious to know how the impossible-looking feats which they perform every night at the Newsome Smith Syndicate Halls are accomplished, I went to the home of the troupe in Brixton. After a few minutes' preliminary chat with Mr. and Mrs. Selbini, I addressed to the former the somewhat comprehensive question—"How is it done?"

Mr. Selbini replied without hesitation: "It is done by hard work and strict training."

"How long," I continued, "have you been at the business?"

"I commenced when a small child in a circus, in which I was in turn bare-back rider, juggler, clown, and acrobat. Twenty-two years ago I turned my attention to the bicycle, and joined the Letine Family, of which one, as you may remember, was stabbed a couple of years ago at the Canterbury."

"When did you form your own troupe, Mr. Selbini?"

"We opened at Berlin soon after the original Letine Family was broken up, and at once created a perfect *furor*. I have good reason to remember Berlin, for it was there, when riding with the whole troupe on my shoulders, that one of the rubber tyres came off, and I was thrown to the ground and cut my knee open."

"Then your tricks are as hazardous as they look?"

"Oh, no! The only other accident I have had was when the Prince and Princess of Wales saw our show at Covent Garden: I tried to do too much and sprained my ankle."

"Tell me something about the wonderful boy and girl who are such favourites with your audiences."

In tones of unmistakable pride, Mr. Selbini replied that both were his own children, and backed Lallah, who is seventeen, against the entire world.

"How long does she practise?"

"An hour in the gymnasium and an hour on the violin, which she plays well."

At this point Mr. Selbini commenced a technical explanation of his system of training, which, with the best intention in the world, I was unable to follow. At his suggestion I went with him into the practice-room to see the apparatus. Passing through a wilderness of dress-baskets and machines of every conceivable size and shape, we reached



MRS. SELBINI.



THE SELBINI TROUPE.



a small gymnasium. Here the members of the troupe, in very workmanlike, if unornamental, costumes, were busy rehearsing the feats with which they thrill audiences all over Europe. Mr. Selbini initiated me into the mystery of the lunge, a contrivance with the aid of which many of the most difficult tricks are learned. The thing consists of a belt, with a swivel attached, worn round the waist of the performer. A cord is joined to the swivel, and this passes over a pulley. By this means the performer, instead of coming a crash on the floor when he misses a trick, is suspended in mid-air for a moment and then let



MISS LALLAH SELBINI AND HER YOUNGER SISTER.

down safely to the ground. When we left the gymnasium, I pressed Mr. Selbini to tell me how the rigorous discipline of practice affected his youngsters.

"They are always well, and eat like horses," was his emphatic reply; "but I allow them no sweets and very little pastry. I believe in beef and mutton."

"Do you smoke?"

"I smoke a little and take a glass of whisky after my business is done, but not before. My apprentice is not allowed to do either until he has served his term, which is eleven years."

"Which of your many dangerous-looking feats is the most risky?" I inquired.

After a moment's thought, he replied: "The three high head-to-head balance without using the hands."

When I remembered that giddy-looking feat I was not surprised at the answer, albeit riding with five or six people on your shoulders, weighing in all some forty stone, round and round a tiny stage, has always struck me as sufficiently hazardous. Towards the end of our chat, Mr. Selbini told me of his plans for constructing a gymnasium for his troupe somewhere near London. He criticised several other acrobatic turns, and it is pleasant to be able to say that in all cases his criticisms were friendly. As a matter of fact, the Selbinis can afford to be magnanimous, for the roar of applause whenever their number goes up testifies to their immense popularity. An effort to get to know what Mr. Selbini intended to attempt next did not succeed. That, therefore, in Mr. Kipling's phrase, remains another story.

C. H.

To celebrate the redecoration of the Criterion Restaurant, the proprietors gave a *recherché* dinner on the 8th. The guests had ample opportunity of proving the splendid arrangements for dining provided at this favourite resort. The decorations in the popular East Room are now in the style of Louis XVI., and are very charming. In the West Room the famous suppers are held, to the delightful accompaniment of an orchestra stationed in the corridor.

## INTERNATIONAL AMUSEMENTS.

At the present moment, the fact that a London theatre is occupied by a company of German players draws attention to the readiness with which England—which, being interpreted in this connection, means London—extends hospitality to any persons, whencesoever they come, who will amuse her people for never so short a time. This virtue is not, however, an English monopoly—in fact, performers from this side of the water are received with open arms in France, and form one of the first attractions of many Parisian *cafés* and houses of entertainment. If a real live London music-hall artist cannot be secured to sing his or her songs in the vernacular, a translation is made and rendered by a native. There is yet a third plan, which produces a somewhat novel and amusing effect. After a boisterously or slyly characteristic Gallic ditty, sung to a totally different tune, it is decidedly quaint for English ears to hear tripping daintily from French lips the popular refrain, "Leengare lawngare, Lucee, Leengare lawngare, Lu; 'Ow I lov' to leengare," &c. Nor is Switzerland devoid of a taste for Anglican refreshment. A little while ago, Basle, in or near which, curiously enough—for it is certainly one of the least pleasing of the many towns that they might affect—live most of the wealthy Swiss people, was giving itself up to the enjoyment of imported fare. Great numbers assembled nightly in a temporary erection to see something announced by the awe-inspiring title of "Grosse Skandinavischer Circus," but it was English, quite English, you know. The programme was two feet long, printed on yellow "flimsy," and contained a mixture of many languages. Among the artists prominently advertised were a "Lady-Jockey-Reiterin," a "Balangoire," and a "specially-engaged English clown," besides sundry references in German to thoroughbred stallions obtained specially from the Jockey Club. The clown was got up in the traditional fashion, with red hair, prominent front teeth, and feet which might without exaggeration be called sufficient—so sufficient, indeed, that their owner could not pick his hat off the ground: they always kicked it away too soon. He tried very hard, but he could not do it, poor fellow. That was the newest joke he made. He spoke in German, but moved the heavy Tentons to little laughter, except when he sat in very decided English upon a tall hat, borrowed from a supposed-to-be spectator. One of the best "turns" was the execution of some really remarkable feats of juggling by a fine specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race while standing on a horse as it careered mechanically round the ring. After most of the usual circus shows had been gone through, and some rather unusual step-dancing by a fine "Arab steed," a team of eight couples of very excellent black cobs performed many graceful and quite complicated evolutions, encouraged by a rather portentous whip and sounds almost confessedly English.

J. P.



MRS. SELBINI.



## SMALL TALK.



EVERYONE can understand that the Queen has been exceptionally busy of late, and that couriers have been daily arriving and departing from Balmoral. As a matter of fact, a messenger always arrives at Balmoral from London every morning, except Monday, and one is despatched from the Castle to London every evening, except Saturday. This has been the arrangement for the past five-and-twenty years. The Queen also has a private telegraph wire, which runs direct from Balmoral to London, and which is in constant use while the Court is in Scotland. The announcement that her Majesty is to stay at Balmoral until the end of November is quite incorrect, for it is now definitely settled that the Court is to return to Windsor Castle not later than Saturday, Nov. 17.

Several of the rooms at Balmoral were redecorated this year with the "Royal Balmoral tartan," the pattern of which was designed by the late Prince Consort for the exclusive use of members of the Royal Family, as he considered that the old "Royal Stuart tartan" had become too common. Several shawls and plaids of this tartan invariably figure among the wedding gifts of the Queen to members of our Royal Family.

The first winter party is to assemble at Sandringham on Saturday, Nov. 3, and there is to be a dance on the following Friday in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday. Next week the Prince will have a couple of days' pheasant shooting in Windsor Great Park, provided "the leaf" is then sufficiently off. The preserves at Windsor fairly swarm with pheasants and ground game, and a great bag should be made. At these shoots the Prince of Wales takes what game he requires, the other members of the Royal Family in England have a certain quantity despatched to them, and the remainder is distributed among various privileged people of the higher nobility, whose names are on the royal game list.

During her stay at Mar Lodge, the Princess of Wales has, I hear, been in much better spirits, and has entered into everything that has been going on, and has joined every gathering, although several have been very large ones. The Princess's health is now quite restored, and she has spent a great deal of her time in the open air, generally fishing.

The speech of the Duke of York after the luncheon given by the Yorkshire College authorities in the Town Hall at Leeds, in returning thanks for the Royal Family, and proposing the toast of "Success and a Continued Career of Usefulness to the Yorkshire College," created a most favourable impression. The Duke was the one speaker who was distinctly heard all over the hall, and the inflexion and tone of his voice were admirable. The Duke seems to have entirely lost his old nervousness, and, notwithstanding the unpleasant incident to which he had been subjected—sufficient to have tried the nerve of the boldest—he spoke from first to last without the slightest apparent tremor.

There are tourists in London. This statement may sound like one of the *obiter dicta* of Mr. F.'s aunt, of "Little Dorrit" fame, but it is justified by the facts. The other day I was proceeding to wend my weary way towards Fleet Street, when, at the bottom of Waterloo Place, I discovered an unmistakable group, evidently from across the Big Drink. Paterfamilias wore the broad-brimmed hat of the stage millionaire, and carried a guide-book. Materfamilias hung on his dexter arm, and two dear young things followed behind. Having some time on my hands, I tracked them to the National Gallery, which the guide-book enabled paterfamilias to identify. They made no attempt to go inside, but just stood in the road and stared. Then pater and materfamilias examined the style of architecture and the fountains of Trafalgar Square, while the daughters looked with kind eyes upon the recruiting sergeants by St. Martin's Church. Then my professional duties and a 'bus carried me beyond their ken, but fairly early in the afternoon of the same day they were standing in the middle of St. Paul's Churchyard, looking at the Cathedral, which, taking its age into consideration, stood the shock well. Their appearance and that guide-book attracted much comment of the common or vulgar sort from street arabs, but the visitors seemed to like it.

Idioms are one of the greatest horrors of civilised life. They seize you when you are in the second of the seven stages of man; they cling to you until the legend "*Hic jacet*" makes the passer-by aware of your last resting-place. More especially are they dreadful when you are abroad, and about to air your school or college ignorance of modern languages. Not long ago, I quoted an example in these pages of a solitary occasion upon which I was enabled to laugh at the intelligent foreigner. Now I have received a message from an old town in the heart of Normandy, and will quote it as an example of the manner in which an idiom can spoil a good intention. A friend of mine was going over there, and asked me to accompany him. This I could not do, but I recommended him to a quiet hotel, which I patronise when in that part of the world. He went there, and became quite friendly with mine host, who talks execrable English, and prides himself unduly upon it. My friend wished to air his French, but could not get the shadow of a chance. He managed to preserve his gravity for a long time, but on the morning of his departure he mentioned that he would see me before

the end of the week. "Ah," said mine host, in his best English, "you will oblige me when you see him to say him 'Good morning' for me." And the moral of this is, do not translate idioms.

There is something pathetic in the case of a king who loves paddling in the water, building sand castles, and otherwise observing the childish conventions of the seaside as an ordinary small boy might do, being, nevertheless, obliged to receive deputations, pay state visits, and make himself generally agreeable, when he would far rather fish for crabs, as we are told the young King of Spain much delights to do at San Sebastian, where he is at present holiday-making. Notwithstanding the studied simplicity with which the Queen Regent treats her son—always speaking of him as "the child"—there is at times a perceptible consciousness of his position about this small Sovereign, and when he and his little sisters sometimes fall out they are quickly reminded of his kingship if they slap too hard. Four languages are already "possessed" by this small Sovereign, and when Princess Frederica visited the Queen Regent last week, and stayed to lunch at the Palace, the young King aired his English with considerable pride and fluency for the benefit of his royal visitor. "The child" has already a considerable reputation for repartee, and an official of the Court lately told me that the young King delights in polishing his wits against the most octogenarian shafts of his elderly advisers and Ministers.

It is the custom wherever the Church Congress has been held for a special banner to be presented, bearing the name of the place, the year, and the diocesan and city arms. This banner has been voluntarily subscribed for, and worked by the ladies of Devon, Sister Emily, Head Deaconess of St. Andrew's Home, Exeter, kindly taking the direction and carrying out of the work, assisted also by other members of the community. The beautiful design, which so well blends the arms of the



Photo by the Rev. J. Henning, Exeter.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS BANNER.

diocese and city together, was executed and generously presented by Mr. H. H. Wiffell, of the Cathedral Yard, Exeter. From every point—design, colour, fabric, and execution—the banner forms a beautiful work of art. Permission is given by the Standing Committee of the Church Congress for it to remain at Exeter, provided it is sent each year to wherever the Congress is being held. The banner was used first of all on Oct. 9, in the procession through the city to the cathedral.

An extraordinary synchronising of three generations of mortals is stated to have occurred the other day in a Galician village. The circumstances, indeed, are so extraordinary as to require recounting. A young damsel of the village, but a year older than Juliet is said to have been, became, somewhat early in life, the mother of a female infant; on the same day, and even at the very same hour, the newborn babe was presented with an uncle by the mother of her mother; and a couple of hours later the grandmother of the damsel aforesaid played the principal part in bestowing upon child No. 1 a great-aunt, her junior by 120 minutes. Such a conjunction of "events" is rare indeed.



The new Gilbert opera, in the production of which the world of theatre-goers is so interested, will, after all, see the light—the electric light—at the Lyric and not at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The unexpected excellence of the business which the popular highwayman is doing is the reason for this new departure. So Christopher Columbus will explore East instead of West, and see what popularity he can discover at the Gaiety. I hear most excellent reports of both libretto and music; indeed, as regards the former, a gentleman who has had the privilege of hearing it read by the talented author speaks of its wittiness and originality in the highest terms. The management, I understand, expect to play to excellent houses, and I should imagine, with such an attraction and such a cast, there is little doubt of their doing so. George Grossmith's return will be welcome indeed, and that versatile artist himself, who has been working very hard "on his own" for a considerable time, considers this engagement as quite a rest. Evergreen Miss Jessie Bond will be another attractive element, and on the engagement of Miss Ellaline Terriss in an *ingénue* part, with not too much singing, but just singing enough, the management may be congratulated. As at present arranged, the evening of the 29th will see the *début* of the new opera.

It was a company of some men of ink, some mummerys, and some alleged artists, and we were discussing the most dismal entertainments we had ever seen. The subject recalled an incident which will, no doubt, be familiar to certain dwellers in a club-land not a hundred miles from Bond Street. In the spring of last year I accompanied a friend to the club in question on an evening when one of their usual entertainments was announced. A week before they had given a splendid show at an enormous expense, and I think we all expected something nearly as good. On arrival we found that it was a sort of Grossmith-cum-Corney Grain entertainment, without even a *souçon* of the mild humour of the gentlemen just named. About a hundred and fifty men in the last stages of dejection watched the unhappy performer, who was never for one moment in sympathy with his audience. As he poured out one feeble joke after another, and sang, danced, and exerted himself absolutely without effect, the scene grew positively painful. I felt tingling all over with a curious compound of contempt for the man's buffooneries and pity for his plight. What a relief it was when the first part of his exhibition came to an end, and we got away to seek solace in the grace of what Swinburne calls "various vine"! There was no sign of resumption, and we were told that the entertainment manager had told the man not to continue. I hope never to see such a complete fiasco again.

Hitherto, I think, not sufficient recognition has been paid in London to the talents of George Dance, librettist of "The Nautch Girl," author of that capital Arthur Roberts burlesque, "A Modern Don Quixote," pantomime writer, theatrical journalist, &c. Before long, however, Mr. Dance, a well-known Nottingham man, and very popular indeed in the "lace town," is pretty sure to come into his own. Whatever may be the fate at the Avenue Theatre of his "Go As You Please" musical absurdity, "The Lady Slavey," which is talked of as for almost immediate production at that house, with Miss May Yohé, Mr. Charles Danby, Mr. Robert Pateman, and other popular people in the cast, I know for a fact that the No. 1 touring company of this piece, with sprightly Miss Kitty Loftus, that Crystal Palace pantomime favourite, in the title-part, have been doing splendid business in the provinces.

Again, there seems to be good stuff in Mr. Dance's new musical comedy, "The Gay Parisienne," which has just been successfully produced at Northampton, and, like "A Gaiety Girl," it has a plot of some dramatic strength, besides lots of funny scenes and taking music by Mr. Ernest Vausden. A Canon Honeycomb, on a visit to Paris, inadvertently stumbled into compromising circumstances with the gay young person of the title Madame Julie Bon-Bon, who subsequently gets heavy damages against him in a divorce case. The Canon, for a while, expatriates himself at some German baths, and, after numerous complications, things are at length put right. "The Gay Parisienne" had its provincial production at the hands of Mr. William Greet's company, and I see no reason why it should not "catch on" in London when it reaches this "little village."

Of that subdivision of hero-worship, heroine-worship, a notable instance has just been afforded by a nineteen-year-old Brooklyn lady, Miss Olive B. Muir, who has written a novel, 300 pages long, with the title of "Thy Name is Woman," and loudly sounding the praises of Miss Ada Rehan. The star of Daly's Theatre, called in the book "Daniel's," is but thinly veiled under the name of Aileen Crohan, afterwards Kathleen Rohan, a "famous actress," whose love is in some sort divided between *par nobile fratrum*, one a "wonderful tenor" and the other a "marvellous pianist."

The story proper, however, of the private life of this "regal creature" is not so entertaining as Miss Muir's luscious descriptions of Kathleen Rohan as seen from across the footlights. I really am tempted to transcribe two or three glowing bits of word-painting: "Commandingly tall she was, with a perfect figure. A form that was rounded and handsomely developed, graceful and willowy, yet having a tendency to power rather than sylphlike proportions, indicating with every motion beauty blended with strength. A face matchless in its nobility and grandeur, the bare white throat and bosom resembling marble in their statuesque curves, yet lacking the coldness of that pure stone. The

beautiful eyes, in whose slumbrous depths lay a world of expression, were of a rare deep blue, emphasised in their magnificence by drooping white lids and dark silken lashes."

How would Sir John Bridge or any other London police magistrate like to have to deal with such a case as that of a New York street juggler, who was recently charged with being drunk and disorderly? To explain the matter, I must quote the exquisitely-refined phrases employed by the American paragraphist to whom I am indebted for this chaste picture of Transatlantic life. The juggler's method of defending himself from the charge was by passing up to the Bench "a handkerchief tied in *hard knots*"—the italics are mine—which was promptly returned to him. "With one whiff of a breath enriched and strengthened by water-pout jig juice—a fearful drink, quite unknown to me—the culprit *blew holes in the handkerchief where the knots had been*, and the judge immediately dismissed the case, remarking it would be useless, *if not dangerous*, to send the man to prison."

For those who take an interest in omens, dreams, coincidences, and such like, here are two instances connected with the gentle art of backing horses that have come within my own knowledge during the last few weeks. That Throstle, an outsider starting at about 50 to 1, won the St. Leger, is ancient history. A man I know, quite innocent of betting as a habit, dreamed before the race that he was the happy recipient of a pie, which, being opened, contained, not four-and-twenty blackbirds, but a party of young thrushes. He took the hint, backed the winner, and was, in consequence, a winner himself. Last week's Newmarket gave me another curious example. An acquaintance of mine thought he would like a bit on the Cesarewitch, took up a list of the entries, knowing nothing, thought he would back the tenth on that list, as the race was run on the tenth day of the tenth month, and so selected Childwick, a comfortable outside chance of 20 to 1.

Few men, I should suppose, have made themselves more generally popular than that most genial and jovial of sporting baronets, Sir John Astley, whose sudden death, on Wednesday morning last, took so many of his innumerable acquaintances by surprise. Most *habitués* of the West End knew this admirable sportsman by sight, at any rate, and his imposing figure in its most favoured suit of grey, the red tie, and the hat set a little rakishly on one side, will be missed in the principal West-End thoroughfares. There was no nonsense, no side, about Sir John; neither did he ever attempt to disguise the fact that he was not too well blessed with this world's goods. To illustrate this I will quote an anecdote told me by a friend who was often brought into personal contact with him. After transacting certain business, Sir John wished my friend "Good morning," and then said in his jolly, off-hand way: "And where do you suppose I'm going now? Why, into the City to stand my boy a two-shilling lunch. What do you think of that for a Baronet's son, eh?"

I am continually hearing or reading stories of dogs which are told by their owners with much pride and complacency, and possibly a trifle of exaggeration. I don't see why the pussies shouldn't have a turn when opportunity serves, and so I don't scruple to retail what I heard of a cat from a boatman at Isleworth the other day. This young man is the happy possessor of a fine old Tom, which is so attached to his master that he thinks nothing of swimming across the silver Thames in the wake of that master's boat when called upon to do so. I cannot say that I saw the creature disporting himself in the water, but the story was told with a most perfect air of truth, and some of my boating readers may possibly have seen the animal *in transitu*. Despite the rooted objection of cats to water, I can vouch for one instance in which a member of the feline tribe undertook a long swim voluntarily. The animal was our own familiar tabby in the days of my youth, and for his health and his habits he was prescribed a voyage to Newfoundland, and left his native shore (of South Devon) in a trading schooner bound for that land of codfish and dogs. When about a mile from the shore he was released from durance vile below, and immediately made his way aft, and, like a second Leander, plunged boldly into ocean; but he was, doubtless, drowned in his attempt to return home, as we never saw him again, and only learned his untimely fate when the skipper arrived back in England.

People are not crowding into dear, delightful Biarritz just yet, but a perfect mob of "lingering longer" smart people, nevertheless, assembled at the Club Grounds last week to watch some excellent pigeon-shooting. The Grand Duke Alexis, with his ugly little bulldog in attendance, made a picturesque effect in a wide Spanish sombrero and many-coloured cummerbund. No doubt, the Grand Duke is much concerned about the health of his imperial brother, but there is nothing to be augured from his impassive face as he walks about with that peculiar swinging stride of his, so strangely resembling the Czar in face and figure. News from Livadia is looked for here with peculiar interest, and everybody is in a perpetual state of asking everybody else, "What last from Russia?" Tea parties at the Pigeon Club are a distinctively social feature at Biarritz, and very pleasant little reunions are frequently held here, presided over by fair leaders of the *mode* and *monde*. Prince Boris Czertvertinski, the great African explorer, made some excellent hits at his last shoot, bearing away the town prize, which was a very elaborate arrangement for the making of squashes. When the Prince heard his record was heaviest and the prize won, he said, "Now I shall be able to make lemon-squash in the veldt."



Mrs. Milward Adams has made a new departure in choosing the subject of women's speaking voices for discussion. It is one to which she has given both time and attention, and in a brilliant little lecture at a social meeting in Paris last week the Chicago lady fascinated a very smart audience by the attractiveness with which she handled her sacred subject. "That excellent thing in woman," as Shakspeare calls a low voice, was held up to the admiration of all time by the fair special pleader, *vice* the shrill, the piping, or the fashionable strident organs with

environments on the shortest notice. Endless possibilities are opened up by this rejuvenation of our jaws. A treble allowance of wisdom teeth, for example, to him—and he is many—who stands in need of such addenda; "grinders" *ad lib.* for the toothless glutton; pearls of which the rhymer raves for the vacant memberships in beauty's coral caves, and death, generally speaking, to the false ivory of present pagan custom. As the method becomes known, we shall, no doubt, see these missing links advertised for on any terms by those anxious to complete a set. "Wanted, a young lady's eye-tooth; price no object," &c. The transplanting dentist will be as much a vogue as the beauty doctor was a century since.

I really must once again enter my protest against the methods of some newspaper boys. On the evening when the Cabinet Council was called and people were in a state of great anxiety, I was strolling down Piccadilly, and stopped to speak to a friend on the steps of a well-known club. Two gentlemen came from the vestibule a minute later, and just as they reached the steps a paper boy came tearing up from the direction of the Circus. "Ye're yar!" he cried. "Extry speshul! Sojers called abroad! Terrible panic on ther Stöck Exchange!" The gentleman coming out turned quite white, and would have fallen if his companion had not caught him. He bought a paper, and the boy rushed away. As he could see no account of the panic, his friend ran back to the house to see the tapes and soon reassured him. He explained to my companion, who knew him slightly, that he had just come up from the country and had been dining inside, but had not looked at the papers. He added that such a thing as a panic might, and probably would, have ruined him.

It seems that the "wheel craze," as we have been accustomed to think of the Parisian's bicyclette plaything, has been lately pronounced anathema by some well-known doctors there, who declare it to be a fruitful source of heart trouble and consumptive development. Everything in moderation, whether steel horse or "extra dry," can be recommended; but the condition is difficult as applied to both forms of recreating; so in many cases lately, more especially with children and young girls, the bicycle has been warned off by the family physician. It has even been advanced at the Académie that before beginning this fashionable pastime it would in all cases be well for the novice to undergo an examination and hear all's well of his cardiac organ before making one of the wheel-riding multitude—though, for my part, I would rather not know too much about "symptoms": they are a disquieting possession to be made aware of unexpectedly.



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

MISS HALLÉ PEARSON'S NEW COSTUME.

which one's ears are now variously disillusioned from time to time. As there is a method of acquisition in most matters, happily, we were shown how musical and appealing tones so subjugating in their influence may be acquired. The woman who shouts, or insists, or brawls in every semitone of the gamut should indeed have been there to hear how femininity may assert its sweet will with infinitely better effect in a low-voiced contralto, arguments that to a mere man would have certainly appeared incontrovertible. Among many dames of fashionable degree who devoutly sat under this high priestess's exordium, I noticed Lady Hamilton, Princess Shakowsky, Mdle. Bonaparte, and many more worth noting besides.

The new costume for ladies, as seen in the accompanying photographs, is designed by Miss Hallé Pearson, and claims to be a charming combination for ease, elegance, and economy. It is specially adapted for all outdoor exercise. The first picture shows the costume as an ordinary morning gown. The skirt is buttoned on each side, and may be most easily converted into costume No. 2 by throwing the skirt over the arm and buttoning on the shoulder, thus forming a cape, and leaving the legs and feet perfectly free. For golfing, cycling, mountaineering, and general outdoor life this costume should prove invaluable. Doubtless, it will be a very welcome addition to any lady's wardrobe, being calculated to meet the most fastidious of tastes.

Just about this time, the American admirers of Johann Strauss, the celebrated composer of waltzes, are presenting him with a silver wreath, 16 inches in diameter, consisting of fifty leaves, on each of which the name of one of Strauss's popular dances is engraved.

Transplanted teeth are the latest possibility of the inventive dentist, a scientist having just discovered that our molars possess that gift of adaptability which is such a necessary feature of the times we live in, and, like the orchids, the New Woman can take root in all possible



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

MISS HALLÉ PEARSON'S NEW COSTUME.



## THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR AND HIS LONDON HOME.

*Special Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*

The splendid French Embassy at Albert Gate is, to use a classic phrase of Lord Salisbury, in a state of suspended animation. M. Decrais, who has hardly been with us long enough to be appreciated, has not yet paid his formal visit of farewell to the Queen, and his successor, Baron de Courcel, has not arrived at the stately residence which will be his home in London. This interregnum presents a favourable opportunity for

which, however, he declined. Great Britain already owes a debt of gratitude to the new Ambassador, for it was he who presided with such suavity and success over the Commission which met in Paris to arbitrate on the troublous question relating to the Behring Sea difficulty. Sir Richard Webster, one of the English representatives at that Commission, has lost no time in bearing his testimony to the mental grasp which distinguished Baron de Courcel as President. The veteran Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire said of him, "Courcel has the happy knack of stripping things of their accidentals, and of coming to the essentials, or, in two words, he has common-sense." He is fifty-nine years of age, and a native of Lorraine. He speaks English fluently. Unfortunately, owing to illness, his wife, who is extremely popular in Parisian society, will be unable to accompany him to Albert Gate for a while, but she may be assured of a warm welcome, and the same measure of social success that was accorded to charming Madame Waddington. It is not improbable that the Ambassador's eldest daughter will at first "do the honours" at the Embassy. Both the Baron and Baroness are at present residing at their beautiful country seat at Athis, high above the river Seine.

The London location of the French Embassy at Albert Gate, Kensington, is a very handsome place. Its interior is known to most members of the inner circle of society as the scene of various brilliant gatherings held there by Monsieur and Madame Waddington. The two drawing-rooms are especially striking apartments, being decorated in admirable taste and filled with many

a few words on the two gentlemen in question. M. Decrais had the unenviable task of succeeding one of the most popular members of the Diplomatic Corps—M. Waddington, who was, in an especial sense, *persona gratissima* at Court and in London society. He had lived with us so long, and was so English in his tastes, education, and sentiment, that he had ceased to be regarded as merely an Ambassador, and was a welcome participant in many functions to which diplomacy had no message. M. Decrais came over here with a good record for ability, but none of that special *cachet* possessed by his predecessor. He has not, we believe, been in very good health all the time he has occupied the Embassy, but in the short period in which he has been Ambassador he has managed to maintain the cordial feelings which ought to exist between Great Britain and her neighbour. On the few occasions when it has fallen to him to speak at banquets in the Metropolis, he has, without saying striking things, showed the possession of graceful diction. An excellent likeness of him was given not long ago in *Vanity Fair*.

Baron de Courcel comes of a lineage which has in time past had to do with diplomacy. His name before he became a baron was Chaudron, which Anglicised would be equivalent to Kettle, or more strictly translated Cauldron. His father—as every biographer will not allow him to forget—acted as private secretary to the great Talleyrand, from whom he imbibed a large measure of that tact and ability which the new Ambassador inherits. The late M. Gambetta had excellent opportunities for estimating the qualities possessed by Baron de Courcel, to whom he offered the portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs in his Cabinet, an honour

curios. The dining-room is another excellent portion of the Embassy. The illustrations we give may interest those who have enjoyed, or hope to enjoy, the hospitality of the Ambassador. Baron de Courcel will not find it difficult to increase his circle of friends in London, as, besides his social qualities, he has literary tastes which are very wide in their sympathy, and London loves a literary Ambassador, as was evidenced in the case of the late James Russell Lowell.



DINING-ROOM OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY.



THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



Her father put down his glass, sat well back in his chair, and looked at me across the table. He had reached that comfortable after-dinner state of happiness which to men of his years and race usually brings a fine flow of words and an urgent desire to be affectionately confidential. He had been leading the conversation with a cunning show of frankness; a foolish word of mine had given him his chance; there was no escape: I dropped my eyes and prepared to bear the infliction with patience.

"Yes," he said, in that unctuous voice of his, with its absurd affectation of an English accent; "she's a good girl. I give ye my word, me boy, there's none better than my Mary from this hill to th' other side of London City. An', look here, I'll do well by her—ah! me son, the boy that gets her 'll be lucky. There's money at the back of her—piles of money."

His slippery words and leery eye, between them, made his meaning unmistakable. Why could not the man speak plainly? Hints! I wanted none. He knew, quite as well as I myself knew, that I was consumed with longing to call him father, not for his sake—no! not for his—but for the dear sake of Mary, his daughter. His hints were loathsome to me. Did I want plain speech, then? No; not from him. He refilled his glass and continued his fluent jabber. He was a self-made man (the scores of times I had heard that!); he had left Dublin far back in the fifties, had settled in London, had prospered, had retired on his means, and built the fine house we sat in. The broad acres below there were his, the cattle on them. Did I hear the trees humming in the wind outside? They were his. He had horses, begad! Hunters, my boy! Good wine in his cellars; and so on interminably.

I revolted from the talk; I had heard all, or most of it, often before; still, he was the father of Mary, whom my soul loved; for her sake I sat on and listened. The wind roared round the house and plucked at the windows; in the trees along the broad avenue it was howling dismally. Why did it not blow a hurricane, and drown his chatter?

"You're dull the night, Hal, me boy," said her father, and pushed the bottle towards me. "What! ye won't drink? Well, well! No matter, maybe it's as well. Ay! drink for a man o' my years is all right, but it often leads youngsters astray. Now, there's Mary: divil a taste—"

Good Lord! I jumped up, walked to the fire, and glowered at the coals. He laughed behind me, came over presently, and slapped me on the back.

"Tell ye what, Hal, old boy," said he, "go an' see her; ye know where she is. Go on, ye dog, ye! Ha, ha! Ah, ye dog, ye!"

Very willingly I left him, and, as often I had before done, sought the cosy little room, half library, half drawing-room, which Mary called

her own. Right at the door, with my hand raised to knock, I paused. "Was it worth while," I asked myself, "to seek her, to tell her again how I loved her, to ask her again to give herself to me?" I had told her before many times. I had asked her till the asking was almost wearisome: always there had been the same answer, the same imploring eyes and weary shake of head. Was it worth while?

I knocked softly, and set the door ajar. The room was full of a rosy dimness, through which danced the fitful flicker of the blazing logs. Before the fire, seated

on the floor, with her hands clasped round her knees, was Mary. The yellow light played on her face, and flashed from the gold brooch at her throat. My God! how I loved that face! I went in, crossed the floor quickly, knelt by her, and put my hands on hers.

"Mary," said I, "is there no hope for poor me?" Very gently she put away my hands and rose.

"How the wind is roaring to-night!" said she. "We shall have rain again when it calms."

"Yes," said I; "it's wild." I moved a step towards her. "Is it always to be like this?" I said.

"Always," she answered.

"You give me no hope—no hope at all?"

"How often have I told you?" she answered. "Why do you torture me so? Do you think I could play with your word?"

I was wild with love of her.

"Oh!" I cried, "tell me, tell me! What is it that separates us? Why have I no hope? Is it myself, or you—or—or—" I could not say the word.

"Hal," she said—surely I was blind not to see the pity and love in her eyes—"I have told you all I can tell you—all. God knows it was hard to say! God knows it is harder to keep back what I cannot say. Don't ask me any more, Hal. Why do you waste your love upon me?"

Waste my love upon her? Waste? What was this secret, this thing she could not say? Oh! it was I who was being tortured. I spoke harshly, cruelly, in words bred of sudden jealousy and dread. She heard me patiently and answered me steadily. She was sorry; she had spoken; she had nothing more to tell me.

"Hal," said she, suddenly, "why do you talk like that? Cannot you respect my—my secret? Surely you know it must be something I cannot help—oh! I cannot tell. Go—go, Hal, and never come here again! Why do you come and come? Why do I let you come? Oh, if you only knew, you would hate me for ever and ever!"

Her words fell cold upon me. The bitterness and love in her cry availed nothing with me. There was something, then, something black and ungodly between us; my love had been wasted upon her; her half-refusals, and weary shakes of the head, and tearful eyes had not been the pretty tricks of the coquette. She had trifled with me. I stood angry and ruthless.

"So, then"—I began. A knock and the coming of a maid bringing a letter stopped my foolish tongue. I crossed the room, flung open a shutter, and looked gloomily out at the rushing sky. The wind howled round the casement; I could see the leafless branches leaping before the spurn of the blast. A wild, wintry night; yes, wild and



stormy like— Who was that? Surely someone passed then down the avenue? Oh, what matter—only a groom, no doubt.

I turned. Mary was kneeling by the fire reading her letter. I crossed to the table, and by the light of the shaded lamp idly began hunting for the illustrations in a book of travel. . . .

That was an unconscionably long letter. I stooped and looked beneath the lamp-shade. Mary's face was buried in her hands; the letter crushed and lying on the floor. What new bewilderment was this? I went to her and asked her what had happened. She looked up at me imploringly, piteously.

"Hal," said she, "leave me; leave me for a while. Go to father for an hour—come back then, and I will tell you all." I made as if to kneel by her. "No, no!" she cried. "No, no! Go, Hal, go!"

Her father was asleep in an armchair before the fire. I was excited and restless. How should I spend that hour—that long hour beyond which lay this fateful secret? It was not possible to sit idle and lonely in that big, quiet house. I took my hat and coat, passed out by a side door into the garden, and thence into the avenue. I liked the cool bluster of the wind; it soothed and refreshed me. I bent to it and set off quickly downhill.

Surely I smelt tobacco? Yes; no doubt of it—a cigar, too. Ah! I *had* seen someone pass before the house, then—no groom, either:

Whoo-o! Listen to those d— confounded trees! By Jove! it's like a Delphi drama—big storm, dark night, meeting in the long avenue of the long-lost hero, and—"

For a moment I lost his voice. I glided from tree to tree, and came abreast with them again.

"How've you been getting on this long spell?" he was saying. "Keeping the old boy from his tippie, eh? Good girl, good girl! No sign of his kicking the bucket yet, I suppose? By Jove, 'twouldn't hurt me if he did; I'm precious low, Mary mine."

Mary mine! Mary mine! . . . I groped on through the roaring trees.

"Why have you come?" Mary said. "What new torture are you bringing me?"

"Why have I come?" laughed the man. "That's good. Why shouldn't I come? Who has a better right, eh? You didn't think I'd forgotten you? Why, it's six months—more than that, maybe—since I saw your bonny face, Mary mine. Six long months—that's a good stretch for a man to go without seeing his wee wife."

His wife! His wife! They turned and began walking up hill. His wife! The cold sweat broke out on my face. I slipped down by a tree, trembling and heart-smitten. My Mary the wife of that man! Oh, it was some horrible dream! Surely, surely— Again I heard their voices. Was it worth while to hear more? It mattered little. Still . . .

"Come, Mary," the man was saying, "there's no good going on like that, you know. Come, cheer up! Here, take my arm. No! Well, look here, I haven't come all this way to be disagreeable. I've something to say to you, and I want to say it pleasantly, if you'll let me. Lord above! I'm a bad lot, I know; still, there's worse, and you were fond of me once, you know. You remember those days, long ago, when we first saw each other at Clapham? Ah! you didn't turn from me then. I was the Adelphi hero in those days, not the scapegrace husband, skulking about in the dark after his wife. Lord! but you were mad after me . . . after me. Only for the old boy—ah! he knew a thing or two!—we would not have had to sneak into a Registry Office and part at the door. Well, no matter. It's all over. I haven't come for forgiveness or to talk rubbish. No; it's something more than that, and harder to get."

They had been standing; now they walked on again.

"I'm stone-broke, Mary—hardly had enough to pay my fare here. My word! haven't I been going it! No odds; you'll have to find me the wherewithal once more."

"Money! money!" said Mary; "it's always money. You told me last time I saw you you were—you said good-bye then for ever."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the man; "so I did, so I did. Well, it isn't my fault. I didn't come till I was obliged to. Must needs go whom the devil drives, you know. Here I am, anyway, and you know what I want."

"Yes, I know," said Mary. "'Twas for that you—you—"

"Married me!" said the man. "Don't be afraid to say it. Yes; perhaps I did. What else could I do? I wanted money; you wanted me. Your father had money, but wouldn't have me, so I took you. Ha! ha!"

"Oh, how dare you laugh!" cried Mary. "What can I say? You—you—"

"Delphi villain!" laughed the man.

"Yes; you call yourself well," said Mary, and my heart bounded at the sound of the hate and passion in her voice. "Could I say worse I would say it. You may well laugh; it suits well with all you have done to me. It was a fine joke, wasn't it, when you trapped an ignorant, friendless schoolgirl, deceived her, persuaded her to marry you, then left her to find out who and what you were? It has been a fine joke, hasn't it, for me all these years, living here in fear and dread, bound hand and foot—living here, the *wife of you*? Ah! you did your work well—you may well laugh. What did you care so long as you were able to force money from me? And—oh, my God! is this never to end?"

"Easy," said the man, "easy. Hysterics won't do a night like this. Talk like that will do no good—it's too late. I'm afraid hysterics or anything else won't get rid of me yet a bit, my dear. Surely you're not fool enough to think I'm tired of my share of the bargain? You are, of course. I know I'm a burden to you; I know you'd like to kick a loose leg and look out for a husband who wouldn't be a burden to you, and a dread, and all the rest. Oh, yes, I daresay! By-the-way, who was that mannerless pup that passed me in such a mighty hurry a while ago? Is he the man? Eh? Maybe my little note disturbed you both? Take care, Mary, take care; none of that, you know."

"Oh, you coward!" said Mary.

How did I restrain the impulse that prompted me to rush out and choke the jibes in his throat?

"Yes? Very well, as you like," the man went on, in his level, irritating way. "But, coward or not, we've talked enough rubbish. I want money; you must get it. Come! it's cold, let's walk on. I suppose you hear what I'm saying?"

"Yes."

"Well, come on, then—you hear me? I want money to-night."

"I have none; how could I? You can't have any."

"Can't have any! Can't I, by God!" They stopped again. "Look



*Their voices came to me a little longer, as I stood in the shelter of a big oak.*

grooms did not smoke cigars. Who was it? The letter!—he who had delivered the letter! And Mary was kneeling inside there, heart-stricken because of it—of him—of what? Oh, it was maddening!

I hurried on. I heard a foot; then someone loomed out right before me, a man wearing a long overcoat and a slouched hat. He was walking slowly, and at sound of my foot he turned.

"A wild night," quoth he as we passed.

I muttered an answer and walked on. Who was he? Why had he turned back? Why was he lingering in the avenue?

I slunk in among the trees, and, gliding from one to another, kept as close to him as I dared. He went right up to the house—the lamp by the door gave me sight of him—wheeled, and slowly retraced his steps. I waited to let him pass, and, almost right before my hiding-place, he turned his back to the wind, struck a match in the shelter of his coat, and looked at his watch. The flickering light gave me a glimpse of his pale, well-featured face, bent brows, and long, red moustache. He was tall and strongly-built, and the hand that held the watch flashed a diamond ring. He threw down the match and ground it beneath his foot.

"Curse her!" said he, "she's devilish long"; then turned, and, with a quicker stride, went once more towards the house.

He knocked hard and quick at the door; someone came to him, someone who came out and walked by his side towards me. That tall figure in the cloak—ah! too well I knew her.

The twin devils of jealousy and meanness were tearing at my heart. With every nerve and sense quickened and strained, I slipped nearer the road, and waited and watched.

They were before me; the wind drove the man's words right into my ears. "Well, no matter about that now," he was saying; "you're here—that's all right. Funny, isn't it, to be rubbing shoulders again like this? Different from Clapham Common and moonlight, eh?"



here, my dear, you just march straight up there and bring some, or take the consequences."

"I have none—there is none. You have had all I could get."

"Humb! Tell that to the Marines. Come! Do you hear me? Choose quick!"

"I have told you the truth."

"Very well, then. Come along, take my arm, and we'll go and interview your respected father together. I'll open his eyes. Come along! You won't? All right; I'll go alone. I suppose he's not too drunk to know me? Bye-bye!"

"Frank! Frank!" cried Mary, "for God's sake, come back! Come back, and I'll do my best. You shall have money. Come back, and go—go away! I'll have money for you in the morning."

The man turned, and came back.

"Ah! I thought I'd bring you to your wits," said he. "You don't want to be chucked out on the world yet a bit. Now, look here, young woman, no more of this tomfoolery. You're damned comfortable up there; I don't worry you much—I'd worry you less, only for my cursed luck—but, you understand, when I do choose to worry you, just you cry small, and fork out, or else prepare the old man for a surprise. You won't get over me, you know. I won't kick up a fuss so long as things go straight; but any more nonsense, and out you march into the world as the lawful wife of Frank Headen, late of Millbank Hotel."

Frank Headen? The wife of a forger!

Their voices came to me a little longer, as I stood in the shelter of a big oak; but I had heard enough, and I listened no more. Heard enough! Could I have heard more or worse? Mary married; Mary the wife, these years, of a convicted forger! I her lover, her long repulsed lover; one's whole hopes, yea, one's very life, wrecked in such short space and in such sorry fashion! Could mortal man hear more or worse? Is it wonder I pitied myself, cursed myself and all things? And Mary? Was she to have no pity? She fast in the clutches of the scoundrel who had trapped her long ago in London, left her to her awakening, to the news of his crime and punishment, to the burden and dread of her secret; had followed her, trapped her again, and made money the price of her freedom. What a life! . . . She had been weak; even now she was weak. Call it weakness; do you think my love for her was any the less because of it? . . . What a life! Shut up with her old drunken father, eating her heart out, loving hopelessly and hopelessly being loved. Yes, loving. I knew she loved me. I had a thousand proofs. Her very hatred of this man was proof; the memory of her voice—oh, a hundred things were proof; the very weakness which had suffered her to keep me hopelessly hoping; by her side was proof. Bah! why pity her? Why pity myself? It was all over, the blissful dream and the rude awakening. There was only blackness before me. This man was betwixt my love and me. . . . This man, only him—this scoundrel whom my love scorned. . . . Well, I should have a word with him, for Mary's sake and mine—just one word.

He was humming a tune when I overtook him on the narrow footpath which runs along the river bank on its way to Farley village. He looked at me over his shoulder, and said "Good night." I stepped before him, faced him, and asked for the favour of one minute's talk.

"Hel'lo!" said he. "Oh, it's you! You're the chap passed me a while ago. Well, what is it?"

"I'm the mannerless pup," said I. "I want you to call me that again."

"Ho! ho!" he said. "That's it—you're the favoured one. She set you to listen, did she? It's a made-up job between you. You think you'll frighten me. Well, she might have sent a better man. Out of my way! Get out, I say!"

I stood firm. He sprang at me and we grappled. He was the stronger, but I held him tight. We fell and rolled over. His hands were at my throat; I struggled hard, and we rolled again—over once, then down the bank towards the swollen, tumbling river. As we struck the water our grips parted and both made for dear life. I felt the water snatch me and sweep me on. One wild effort and I had clutched the willows by the rushing shore. I heard a despairing cry, had a quick glimpse of an agonised face and appealing arms, then the darkness closed on the waters, hurrying on with their dread burden.

#### IN A STUDIO.

Look! there's the drapery she wore—  
That amethyst affair—  
The loveliest shade you ever saw  
Against her auburn hair.

That knot of violets in the bowl  
Was part of Sappho's band;  
They matched the mauve-silk parasol  
I bought her in the Strand.

See, here's her little thimble yet,  
Too small for fairy tips;  
And there's a half-smoked cigarette  
That tastes of her red lips.

Thrown over! how absurd it sounds!  
Yet, on the whole, I'm glad;  
The little devil cost me pounds,  
But—what a mouth she had!—J. A. MIDDLETON.

#### A CURIOUS REMINISCENCE.

On Wednesday morning, Oct. 17, eight-and-twenty years ago, London was "provided with a twenty-four hours' wonder," as Mr. John Hollingshead puts it in his entertaining booklet upon Leicester Square. The deplorable condition of the square had long been a source of amusement or shame to Londoners, according to their point of view, and the climax was reached on this notable morning, when, as is generally



supposed, some of the property-room artists of the Alhambra painted the wretched statue, while some of its lively *habitués* found the money necessary to "paralyse the strong arm of early morning yawning authority." The result of the joint effort may be seen in the accompanying reproduction of a sketch made at the time. A newspaper of the period gives the following realistic description of the affair—

The remarks and suggested "Designs for Leicester Square Statues" by Punch have been followed by an attempt to render the leaden statue of George II. additionally ludicrous. During the night, some person or persons, it seems, entered the enclosure armed with a pot and brush, with which the horse was covered with black spots—the entire head and tail being coated with the same colour. On the head of his Majesty was placed a huge hat—extinguisher pattern—and the ears of the animal were enveloped in a kind of horn, the points being particularly pointed. At the side of the statue where the arm is missing a long spear or lance-pole has been fixed to the leg of the royal equestrian, and in the place of the blade there is the head of a birch broom. The arms of his Majesty, which surround the pedestal beneath, have been painted red, while the initials "A.D.G." on either side have been brought out in bold relief. Altogether, the figure has occasioned much amusement, and up to two o'clock, though the lookers-on were very numerous, the police did not offer the least interference. Every now and then a number of boys would climb the railings and run across the square, and dance and sing in front of the statue with apparent delight. In the course of the morning an attempt was made to thrust a pipe into his Majesty's mouth, but without effect. Since the removal of Wyld's Great Globe the miserable condition of the square and the statue has been the subject of great complaint, but the worst has now probably been reached.

It is a matter of history how, eight years later, the square was beautified, the ill-treated statue of George II. superseded by the familiar figure of Shakspeare, and, as the now defunct Metropolitan Board of Works stated in their address of thanks to Baron Albert Grant, "That which was a filthy wilderness was converted into a blooming garden and a thing of beauty."

#### NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

#### TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to The Sketch, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



## A CHAT WITH MR. MURRAY CARSON.

I believe that if the dramatic critics of London were asked to name the most important of the younger English actors that most would say Murray Carson, and I am sure they would be wise in their choice. The word "important" I use as referring not only to what he has done,



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. MURRAY CARSON.

but what he is likely to do. Naturally, then, *The Sketch* felt that he ought to be interviewed. Mr. Murray Carson lives in a house near the Swiss Cottage, of which most journalists could be envious without difficulty, for it is a large, well-built, detached house, with garden in front and a lawn-tennis ground at the back.

"Yes; it's a jolly house," said my victim. "I bought it two years ago—that is a ninety-nine years' lease—and it's good enough to spend money upon improvements. On the top-floor I've a billiard-room, with a full-sized 'Burroughes and Watts.' We'll have a game if you like, when you've finished torturing. Matter with my hand? Well, I was riding on my machine to meet you at the station, but it 'jibbed' or 'bucked,' or did something of the sort; anyhow, it's quite a wreck, and my hand is cut sharply, not seriously. Come into the study."

Noticing a fine water-colour portrait of Fechter over the mantelpiece, "Fechter," I said, "you don't remember?"

"No," he answered; "I was born on March 5, 1865. Yes; twenty-nine years old. Where? In London. My father's family was Scotch, my mother's Devonshire—yes; an excellent blend. School? Gower Street, Euston College. Left it at fourteen and became private secretary to Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple. Did I like the berth? Ask another. However, I believe I learned a good deal from his oratorical manner—in fact, one day I was so intently studying his way of carrying out the famous 'Action, action, action' that I forgot about the words and did not take them down, so he deprived himself of my services. After that came ventures in the City, including reporting for the *City Press*; but I was 'stage-struck,' and felt more anxious to become a Garrick than a Rothschild. Then I obtained an engagement from Wilson Barrett."

Here he broke off, and began speaking of Wilson Barrett and the debt he owes him for his kindness and consideration, and remarked that he rarely came across an actor who had not been indebted to him.

"A competition for a prize offered by Wilson Barrett to the best elocutionist among the young members of his company gave me a start, for I won it, and consequently had small parts given to me, and worked hard at them in the provinces. Then I came up to London for the part of Mad Willie in 'Hoodman Blind,' in which I made rather a hit. I stayed on in the company at the Princess's, and went with Barrett on his first American tour, taking such mixed parts as the Tetrarch in 'Claudian,' Horatio, Harcourt in 'Ben-my-Chree,' &c."

"My first recollection of you relates to your Justinian in 'Theodora,' at the Princess's in 1890."

"No; at the New Olympic. W. H. Vernon played the part originally. Then, in September, came 'A Royal Divorce,' and I took Napoleon. How I studied the man and his history for the part! You think my performance much better than Duquesne's in 'Madame Sans-Gêne'? Thank you for the compliment. It was an elaborate, difficult 'make-up,' but I've always studied 'make-up.' I scored heavily off Barrett once at Philadelphia. I had a 'make-up' as a detective that he hadn't seen, and he didn't recognise me, and, thinking I was an outsider, ordered me off the stage. *A propos* of 'make-up,' look at this."

(It was a photograph of a Shylock, a powerful, impressive Shylock.)

"That's my wife in an amateur performance. She was in the country, and, having no materials, made wig and hair herself out of horse-hair. Pretty clever? When were we married? About four years ago. No; no children. Yes; Mrs. Carson studied acting under Mrs. Stirling; then she went to Wilson Barrett and got work as understudy. On her marriage she gave up acting. However, she took Miss Steer's part in 'Gudgeons' with great success, and some critics greatly admired her Juliet in an amateur show at St. George's Hall lately."

"About the time of 'A Royal Divorce' you took the Globe, didn't you, and ran 'Gloriana'?"

"Indeed I did; took it for one month and ran it for four. The next matter of moment to me was 'The Duchess of Malfi,' when produced by the Independent Theatre Society."

"I remember well your Bosola, a performance that made it certain that you were the coming man."

"Please don't pay me compliments; praise on paper, if I think I deserve any part of it, is pleasant and instructive; blame I can swallow when instructive; but when compliments are thrown in my teeth I—by-the-bye, I should like to mention that at the Globe I produced my friend Louis N. Parker's play, 'A Bohemian.' Since then we've written together 'David' and 'Gudgeons,' which you've seen, and 'The Blue Boar,' a farce that was well received in Liverpool. Mr. Edward Terry will produce it at his theatre soon. No; I don't play in it, nor shall I in 'Gudgeons,' which is shortly to be revived."

"A pity, for your Doctor Wendover and your Silas Hooper, the American agent in 'Gudgeons,' were admirable pieces of work, and showed strongly your power of differentiation. What's 'The Blue Boar' about?"

"It's hard to tell in a few words. Roughly speaking, it consists of the efforts of the hero (Terry's part) to get rid of his wife—a dreadful advanced woman, a reputed widow when he married her. A comic character—a weird, minor poet, whose poetry is written by the suggestion of an attendant spirit—suggests that the hero should materialise the spirit of his predecessor in wedlock with the advanced woman. This idea is acted upon and easily carried out, since husband No. 1 was not really dead, so all troubles end. However, don't take my account of it; see the piece. If it causes as much laughter here as in the north it will be a 'go.'"

"How do you collaborate?"

"Well, it's six of one and a quarter of a dozen of the other—I'm the other. Call it my modesty? Well, ask Parker. How do I like Marrable, my present part? It's nearly killed me. It's a very heavy, difficult part, and when I took it up 'The Blue Boar' was being rehearsed at Liverpool, and I was playing with Tree at Birmingham and Blackpool as the King in 'Hamlet,' Zazzulic in 'The Red Lamp,' and Louis XI. in 'The Ballad Monger,' all new parts. You can imagine what a task I had to keep all these balls rolling."

"Well, I'm really glad to see that your strenuous efforts have their reward, and some of us think that yours is the best work in 'The Fatal Card.'"

"Do you know Marrable and Macbeth, like Monmouth and Macedon, begin with an M? And my ambition is to play Macbeth. Now, what do you think?"

Here came a long discussion about the character of the Thane of Cawdor. It was interrupted by the

boisterous entry of a small black wire-haired dog called Snob, in honour of "The Book of Snobs," which is Mr. Murray Carson's favourite book. After this we could not get the interview on its feet again; he was tired of talking about himself, so we went upstairs to the billiard-room, and the result was a triumph of the actor over the interviewer.—MONOCLE.



AS NAPOLEON IN "A ROYAL DIVORCE."





"GOOD-BYE!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



## TWO BOOKS ABOUT DOGS.\*

Mr. Rawdon B. Lee's first volume in this series was so full of interest and of knowledge that these books which follow upon it cannot fail to be largely read. There is no better authority breathing than the "Kennel Editor" of the *Field*, and the young or "doggy" man will rush with his elder brother, who is aware of ignorance, to ascertain the precise



POMERANIANS.

value of the terrier for which he paid two-and-sixpence last week; while a bigger public, to whom the possession of a good dog is one of the things to live for, will find here a very encyclopædia of its hobby.

The first of the two volumes we have now deals with the larger dogs—the mastiff, the St. Bernard, the collie, the poodle; the second volume is entirely given to the terrier. Of the mastiff, Mr. Lee has much that is interesting to tell us. This is the oldest of all English



JAPANESE SPANIELS.

hounds—a dog of historic tradition, who guarded the body of a warrior on the field of Agincourt, and was the subject of forest law in the day of the second William. This was the dog that came under the notice of the Procurator Cynegii in the years of the Roman occupation, being sent to Rome for a performance in the arena of varieties; and he it was with

\* "Modern Dogs of Great Britain." Vol. II., Non-Sporting Division; Vol. III., Terriers. By Rawdon B. Lee. London: Horace Cox, *Field* Office.



KING CHARLES AND BLENHEIM SPANIELS.

whom the Gauls fought, as the venerable Strabo tells us. Yet, through all the years when the mastiff was regarded most fondly as the finest foe of the wolf, the best baiter of the bear, and as exceedingly serviceable against the fox and the badger, he never lost his reputation as the "ban dog for the house," and in this sphere he was permitted to the villeins and to the farmers of the eleventh century. More than four hundred years later, Conrad Heresbach of Cleves gave it out that the true mastiff should have a large and mighty body, a great and shrill voice, that "both with his barking he may discover and with his sight dismay the thief—yea, not being seen, with the horror of his voice put him to flight. His



RUBY AND PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.

stature must be neither too long nor too short, but well set; his head great; his eyes sharp and fiery, either brown or grey; his lips blackish, neither turning up nor hanging too much down; his mouth black and wide; his neather jaw fat, and coming out on either side of it a fang, appearing more outward than his other teeth."

It is Mr. Lee's opinion that the modern breeder is striving, in a measure, for the type of mastiff which the worthy Conrad here discusses so eloquently. I am glad, however, to read his protest against that pernicious fashion of breeding for exaggerated heads—a practice



ST. BERNARD AND TOY SPANIELS.

which has surely robbed the dog of a good half of his powers, just as in the bulldog class the modern prize-winner meets the antagonism of a cat with difficulty, owing to the absurdities of teaching, which have robbed him of many of his proper terrors. The true mastiff, says the author, should not be undershot. He should be as level in his teeth as a terrier. He should have a distinctive character of his own, not of the bulldog, nor of the hound; with a long, square face; with loose skin under his throat, and deeply pendulous dewlaps. And he goes on from this to trace the points of the mastiff from the advent of Crown Prince, showing,



BLACK PUGS.

with much skill, the excellence that has been attained and the faults that have been nurtured.

To the mastiff the St. Bernard properly succeeds. There is no more popular domestic dog breeding, either for temper, power, or beauty. The romance which the hospice has cast about him is worthy to be reckoned as one of the contributing causes; but had the venerable saint never lived, nor a single traveller been lost in the snow, it would not be difficult to imagine this fine hound placed at the head of the list. And this being remembered, it is strange to recall the fact that the year 1815 brought the St. Bernard for the first time to England; and it was not until the "panoramic Albert Smith introduced two of the dogs into his entertainment, and related pleasant fictions of their achievements in the snow, that any general knowledge of them was had by the people. Just about thirty-two years ago there was a prize offered at Birmingham for the class, and thirteen entries at the show were the result. It is curious, as Mr. Lee points out, that the rough-coated dog should have been the favourite from the first in this country. In Switzerland he is regarded as little less than a mongrel; but against this we must set the fact that, so far as the eye is concerned, there can be no question as to which is the more pleasing dog.

In 1882 the St. Bernard Club was founded. At the present moment, of all big dogs, this dog is represented here by the finest specimens. In the matter of price, too, he is unsurpassed, the Americans having on several occasions paid more than £800 for a dog with a history, and even a larger sum has been known in connection with sales here. The outlay is warranted, no doubt, by the magnificent appearance, the unfailing docility, and the tradition of the St. Bernard, who promises to become at an early date the most cultivated animal of any breeding.

From this great dog to the Maltese terrier or spaniel—experts call him both—is somewhat a sharp descent. Landseer, when he painted the "Lion Dog of Malta," in 1838, was told that he made immortal the last of the race; but as some hundreds of these diminutive, yet exceedingly fascinating little creatures have been exhibited since that year, his notion was an erroneous one. As a matter of fact, this, of all dogs, is best entitled to boast of his antiquity, since he has been discussed even by Aristotle. The elder Callimachus, who was a "doggy" man in his day, believed that the little creature came from Melita in the Adriatic, that pleasant isle over against the Dalmatian coast. Others contend that the Melita was our Malta; but, the point aside, it is indisputable that the dog luxuriated in the laps of the women of Athens, and at a later date was the toy of the pretty girls in Rome. In his way, he may have warranted the strictures of Isocrates upon the womanly weakness; but undoubtedly he served the New Woman of Greece as a substitute for the more modern pug, and has thus demonstrated to posterity the antiquity of the doggy habit. In those days, as Callimachus tells us, he must have a patch of fawn or black on him; but the present fancy demands imperiously the purest white. Lady Gifford's famous specimen weighed less than five pounds, had a coat like floss silk, and was white as the driven snow. Alas! there are few of the kind to be pointed out to-day, and that the last show of Maltese brought only seven entries.

This Maltese terrier is closely allied in descent, as the Japanese claim, to their own pug or "sleeve" dog. There is now very little resemblance between the two, and, as Mr. Lee points out, it is impossible to trace the descent of dogs in this way. We must be content to know that we have them, and anyone who possesses a good Japanese "sleeve" dog should rest assured that he has a treasure. In Japan it was and is the fashion to carry a diminutive spaniel of this kind in the sleeve, hence the name—and perhaps the origin of the expression, "Something up his sleeve."



MALTESE.

The latter point is, however, too deep for an article of this kind, and in the face of the discovery in the sleeve of the Heathen Chinee—not Japanese—is quite beyond the question. The point remains that the Japanese spaniel is an exceedingly valuable pet, and has done something to replace the old English terrier, the little dog which Mary Queen of Scots nursed and James the Second loved. This latter lapling had one of

his names from the second Charles, and another, "Blenheim," from the mansion of the Duke of Marlborough, where he was bred with exceeding care and brought to great perfection. And, if I do not mistake, it was the English spaniel which Leech drew when he represented a page-boy taking one to the Serpentine and crying, "My missis is out for a holiday, and, oh my! won't I give her dog, what's fed on chicken, a swim or two."

If the English terrier is becoming less fashionable, the same cannot be said for the pug. The waddling, wheezing, overfed, by no means picturesque, and utterly senseless creature which it is the fashion for



POODLES.

great dames—given, as Madame Sarah Grand tells us, to the love of anything with a sloping forehead—to patronise thrives and multiplies exceedingly. Originally brought here from Holland, it is only in the last twenty years that he has become a nuisance, has barked off many a marriage *in prospectu*, and irritated many a bachelor into the loss of desirable acquaintance. During the last two or three years we have seen a new variety of him—the black pug, to wit—who has come from China, and of whom little is known. This is not surprising, for our knowledge of many Eastern dogs is as yet rudimentary, and one is inclined to sum it up in the conclusion, *quot homines, tot canes*. Nevertheless, the black pug seems to be an improvement on our type, and is even said to possess the suspicion of a sporting instinct.

It is with all these dogs that the second volume in this excellent series deals, including also sketches of the Pomeranian, the Dalmatian, the lovable poodle, and that admirable fellow, the Chinese "Chow-Chow." I confess, at the same time, that the succeeding book, which treats entirely of terriers, has interested me vastly more. The terrier is the man's dog. He is especially the London man's dog. He is faithful in the house; he is, or should be, an incurable sportsman; he has pluck and docility; he is clean, and with all these claims he has the merits of antiquity. Even in a fourteenth century print a dog of the class is represented assisting in the unholy work of digging out a fox, and that prolific writer, Dr. Caius—a man far famed for his knowledge, as the college song testifies—wrote of the terrier and said there is one "which hunteth the Fox and the Badger or Greye only, whom we call Terrars, because they, after the manners and customs of ferrets in searching for Connyes, creep into the ground, and by that meanes make afraid, nyppe, and bite the Fox and the Badger in such sort that eyther they teare them, in pieces with theyr teeth, beyng in the bosom of the earth, or else hayle and pull them perforce out of their lurking angles, darke dongeons, or close caves." Other authorities in the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries trace the arrival to perfection of the terrier, though most of them limit themselves to the statement that they had but two varieties, and it is to be questioned in some cases if the writers did not include the spaniel in their meaning. But all this is analysed by Mr. Lee, who writes fully and with great knowledge, and includes, I am glad to say, a chapter on that newly-discovered dog (so far as London is concerned), the Welsh terrier. The illustrations to the volumes are both accurate and finely done. They are the work of Mr. Arthur Wardle and Mr. R. H. Moore.

M. P.

#### A PARROT TALE.

Have you heard the true tale of Nellie Farren's parrot? When the Gaiety company was on tour in the States, Nellie Farren, who is very fond of birds, carried a good many about with her, and among them was a parrot—a remarkably clever specimen. As soon as the company arrived at any big town, poor Fred Leslie and Miss Farren would be pounced upon by reporters, and requested to give their opinions and impressions of the place, and it goes without saying that these impressions and opinions were always of the very best. Now, when they arrived at Chicago an interviewer was promptly on the spot, and calling at the hotel, found Farren and Leslie together in a sitting-room with this particularly 'cute parrot. His first request was to know how the great burlesque actress liked Chicago. "I am delighted with it," she said. "I think it a magnificent city, and the people appear to be perfectly charming." But before she could continue the parrot, putting his head on one side, remarked, "Well, we've come to this — pig-sticking hole at last." And then there was an unrehearsed *tableau vivant*.—B.



## "THOMPSON!"

"Oh! it's you, is it, Mrs. Harris? Come in, do. Cook, here's Mrs. Harris. Take a seat, please. I had a feeling you'd come in to-night. Why? Oh! I don't know. Cook says I'm a giddy thing, and I think I am."

"Bother that door! Does he want to knock it down, hammering at that rate? I'm coming. Bless you, you needn't go for to rouse the whole neighbourhood. . . . Well, Mrs. Harris, where was I? It's that horrid Mr. Jones. I'd a good mind to say Mrs. Leighton wasn't at home. I hate him, I do, coming with his timid face and frightened voice, asking as if he were afraid to speak if Mrs. Leighton is in. There is nothing terrifying in me, I hope. You want to hear all about it, do you? What's that there cook been telling you when I was upstairs? I'll give her what-for if she's said anything nasty, that I will."

"I was just settin' down to my lunch comfortable this morning when Cook says, 'Ain't that Miss Betty a-callin' of you?' I says, 'So it is. I never do sit down comfortable to my beer but someone calls for me, 'Thompson!'" Miss Betty says, 'I know I can trust you with this letter; it's very important; run to the post quickly with it.' They'd trust me with anything, those young ladies, though some are spiteful enough to be jealous, and talk about favourites. Favourite, indeed! I'll favourite them!"

"Well, I hadn't got beyond two houses when I met Ted. 'How's you?' he says. 'Nicely, thank you,' I answered. 'How's yourself?' 'I'm tolerable,' he answers, and we walks to the post-office together."

"I saw that there nasty housemaid three doors up grinning at us both. I'd half a mind to pull horse's eyes at her, but manners kept me perlitte."

"Well, my dear, you know I've been walking out with him for some time. He took me to the theatre last week, and we always walked together on my Sunday evening out. He's a nice little chap, with a good place in a shop and good money every week. His mother lives at Putney, and she's an honest, hard-working woman, with only him in the world."

"So he said, 'Can't we settle it, my darling, and name the day?'"

"I said, 'Go along; you're getting at me.'"

"He said, 'What for ever should I do that? You know I love you right and true—that I do, and you've no call to go doubting of me, after all the time I've know'd you and been courting of you.'"

"As I say, Mrs. Harris, a man can't speak plainer than that. Cook—she's engaged herself, so she ought to know, and she says she thinks him most honourable, and that I do, too, and will do, in spite of some what says I always was weak where the men are concerned. Now, as you know well, I never loved but once, and he treated me shameful—that he did; but he hadn't no call to speak ill of me. I was that fond of him, I was; it nearly broke my heart; but I say poor girls as is sensitive haven't got no chance: the men are such brutes. Some say behind my back—what they dussent say to my face—that I flirted shameful; but I'd limb them if I heard them say it, that I would, and you know me well enough, my dear, to know as they lie."

"Well, Ted, he told me as he'd got a nice little bit saved—and I told him I'd twenty pounds in the savings-bank, which isn't much; but it's something, and we ain't going to be in a hurry to marry—we've no call to fuss, and he's a nice little fellow as is very fond of me. Do you mind that I brought him round for a sup of tea with you, Mrs. Harris? Yes; I thought you'd remember. There's that front door again! I'll be back in a minute. I wonder how many they expect this evening, dropping in as if this was an hotel. . . . It's that actor. I like him. He always smiles so sweet when I open the door. 'Thompson,' he says, right off, 'how are you?' It isn't every gentleman as is so pleasant. It isn't difficult to spare a civil word for us servants, and I help them as is pleasant on with their coats when they leave, and I always say 'I'll go and see if the young ladies are at home' when they call and Mrs. Leighton is out. Miss Betty, she looks cross; I expect it's because that there foreigner hasn't turned up yet. I don't mind him, either, except for the gibberish he talks. You are glad I had saved a bit. So am I. It wasn't easy, I can tell you; what with my brothers always begging of me, and my father's illness, I can tell you I'd enough to do with my money. Not but that I couldn't get better wages if I went elsewhere. But Mrs. Leighton, she thinks a lot of me, she does, and I wouldn't leave the young ladies for anything. They're so fond of me, they are. Married! Oh, that's different; they know I'm a giddy little thing; they'll be glad for me to settle down. And Master Graham, he speaks up so sweet. 'Bother you, Thompson,' he says, 'you've moved my papers.' He is a nice young gentleman, he is."

"Well, you see, I never was very happy at home, having a step-mother, and some mistresses are so hard. They treat you cruel, that they do. You know that place I was in before this. Well, they gave us money for our tea and sugar, and it never was enough—getting the cheapest stuff—to hold out the week, so Friday and Saturday we didn't get no tea at all. And then the food wasn't fit to eat. Well, you know how thin and ill I got, Mrs. Harris. She wasn't a lady, the mistress, and she treated us servants all the worse. 'You don't know how to scrub,' she said to the housemaid once; 'why, I could do it better myself.'"

"'I expect you could, Mum,' said the girl. She'd a sharp tongue, and that sort needs it. We knew she'd had plenty of practice in her young days. Then she and the master quarrelled, and we servants had an awful time."

"'Go there, Thompson,' says he."

"'Come here, Thompson,' says she, till, between the two, I was nearly driv mad."

"Do you like this apron, Mrs. Harris? One and eleven, but it's good washing stuff. Those thin muslins don't wear—the wash pulls them all to pieces. Oh, no! the mistress doesn't mind a fringe, but I can't bother with it. There's that front door again. . . ."

"Not the foreigner yet. Well, he is late. Won't Miss Betty speak up sharp when he comes! 'Well, you are a rude person,' she'll say. Now I must take them in some sandwiches and cake and spirits and wine. Just come into the pantry a minute. That there lawyer does drink a lot—I saw him myself the other day. Miss Betty, she doesn't think so, but I hate to see a man going at things as if he were starved. What about Ted? Oh, it's all settled—yes—in a twelvemonth, I think. I had a moment to sit down peaceful this afternoon, and I wrote to my father. He'll be that glad, he will. Step-mother, she won't care—she always did hate me. It's hard on a girl when she feels she hasn't got a home, isn't it? I'll just carry in this tray. . . ."

"Miss Lily, she's singing beautiful, she is, and that there actor is a-leaning over her quite loverlike. I hope she'll take and have him, that I do. Master Graham, he's at Eton, he is. They say he'll be awfully wild; but there, rich and poor's alike, and young fellows will amuse themselves."

"Oh! heavens, look what I've been and done—smashed that there white vase! Won't Mrs. Leighton be vexed! I shall have to tell her this time, too, as I didn't mention the tea-cup last week. Well, there, I hope she won't mind."

"That housemaid, she is a stupid thing, she is. I've no patience with her, that I haven't; always thinking her work's too hard. As I say, 'Take and do it, and don't grumble.' I'm sure I'm often tired enough at the end of the day. She's no favourite with the men, either. I don't see what call she's got to be so proud; but there, there's no understanding some girls."

"Come into the kitchen again, and have a bit of supper. I'm glad your husband's got some more work. Cook, Mrs. Harris will have a taste of something. Take a seat, my dear, do."

"Why, what's that sticking out of my jacket pocket, a-hanging on that door? It looks like a letter. 'Musser Peri-Peri' something. Well, I do declare, if it isn't the letter Miss Betty gave me this morning! What with Ted's talking to me, I must have forgot to post it. No wonder that there foreigner didn't come."

"Will I have some fat? Yes, that I will, Cook. I'm not one to pick over my food like some people. Have a drop of beer, Mrs. Harris, dear, do."

CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

## A PROPOS OF VENICE.

Two questions invariably present themselves to me whenever I find time for a week in languorous, lazy Venice which would be well worth answering if one knew how. First of all, is the old art of working in leather really a hopelessly sealed-book, and, in the next place, cannot someone, in these days of raging enterprise, unearth a method for its revival and development? It makes one weep with envy to see such priceless handicraft as that of the Leather Saloon in the old Palazzo Ferro, on the Grand Canal, now an hotel, and to feel that neither love nor the other thing can bring it within one's possibilities of possession. The room I speak of, among many others, is entirely upholstered in leather, marvellously moulded, and hard as the proprietor's heart, who, by-the-way, has been variously tempted to sell, but evidently with insufficient temptation. Lord Brassey offered a sum, so did a rich American. Another man wrote a cheque for £20,000, which was declined with thanks, and the Leather Saloon still remains to tantalise the passing covetous stranger. Now, cannot some of the intelligent and artistic unemployed take this hint to heart, and study the lost art of modelling leather in a thoroughly practical holiday? Venice is at her best and loveliest in autumn or early winter, and a fortune waits on the successful revivalist of this ancient handicraft. If the embers of glass-blowing have kindled again to Fashion's breath, why should not another tradition of unforgotten greatness be revived in this strange, silent city of balcony and gondola? Another feeling, which at once outrages and soothes the artistic sense, is the inextricable tangle of art and enterprise in Venice of to-day. Even in the hotels, with an electric knob at one elbow and cocktails available on demand at another, the horrid sense of convenience and modernism is counteracted by the very stones in the walls that surround one—dumb witnesses of a past gorgeous and romantic beyond the power of *fin-de-siècle* heart to conceive. Here, in one room, for example, hired at *de many lire per diem*, the gilded Sansovini rafters recall a past pedigree of other masters than the smiling "management" of the present. In another, the first opera ever given in Venice was performed so far back as 1590. Harking forward to our own times, "Traviata" was written here, "Rigoletto" finished there, and, in fact, every room in every house or caravanserai teems with fascinating memories. The most prosaic "falls into poetry," like the immortal Silas Wegg, in Venice. You cannot get away from it, and there were moments lately—particularly those under the mellifluous evening influence of our proprietor's '58 Château Larose, when eating plump *dinde à la broche* under a gilded mediæval ceiling—seemed really little short of sacrilege. One felt more reconciled to the prosaics of devilled chicken next morning at breakfast, certainly. But still Venice, at all times, as well as in moonlight, calls loudly to all that is left in us of heart, an influence still strong, which neither steam-launch nor railway can displace.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



MISS LILIAN SAYER.—J. BLAIN SCOTT.  
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



## ART NOTES.

We have already noticed with some particularity the Thirty-Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, whose work has well merited the praise which it has received on all hands. The effects are, in nearly every instance, remarkably artistic, although we have already



DOROTHY.—EDGAR SCAMELL.  
In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

distinguished between the artistic value of such effects and of purely original work. Art, of course, to have an intrinsic merit, must come from the fingers as well as from the toil of men. A beautiful oleograph, for example—were such a conception possible—could never approach the value of a beautiful picture, just as a beautiful photograph can never approach a beautiful work in black-and-white. There is something in the personal labour expended over the oil-painting or the drawing which removes it ineffably from the machine-made article.

We reproduce this week the photograph—a platinotype—of Miss Lilian Sayer, taken by Mr. J. Blain Scott. Nobody looking upon the work can fail to admire the extreme delicacy of result which this photograph attains. The shadow is even more beautiful than the light, and the contrast is excessively striking. The hair has in its reproduction something of the beauty of the best paintings in oils; it is massed in the light, a world of light, and the draperies, arranged, doubtless, beforehand, and reproduced inevitably, have nevertheless been arranged with beauty, and are beautiful in the result because they are inevitably reproduced.

Karl Karoly's book on Raphael's Madonnas and other great pictures, published by George Bell and Sons, is an artistic chronicle of great beauty and great value. The book is more or less, though not at any great length, a life of Raphael, but consists generally of descriptions of the pictures by the great artist which appear in the book. These reproductions are, for the most part, exceedingly beautiful, particularly the lovely "Madonna del Gran' Duca," one of the purest conceptions and achievements of the great Italian. The Dresden Madonna, probably the most renowned of all that famous series, although perfectly reproduced here, is too crowded a canvas for so small a scale as such a work as this necessarily compels. The Ansidei Madonna, although not by any means to be ranked among the finest of Raphael's works, is in this book reproduced with perfect faithfulness and accuracy. It would be impossible to describe these admirable reproductions *seriatim*; it will suffice to bless them in the bulk with a single word of cordial praise.

The life of John Russell, R.A., which is to appear immediately from the hands of George Bell and Sons, has a very peculiar interest of its own,

containing as it does a variety of extracts from the artist's diary, which, written in shorthand, has hitherto never been published or exposed to the general curiosity. It is not pretended that Russell was a Pepys or even an Evelyn, or that his intimate day-book reveals anything very startling, either with reference to himself or to his contemporaries. Nevertheless, it is a personal record, and, however one may choose to account for it, personal records are always interesting, as gossip and scandal are interesting to the every-day specimen of humanity.

It will readily be allowed that John Russell's character was just a little peculiar. He took an extreme view of life. "Because thou art neither hot nor cold, I will presently begin to vomit thee out of my mouth." And because Russell early determined not to be cold, he resolved with equal completeness to be hot. He was fervently persuaded of his religious mission, and never missed a public opportunity of developing his theological views in public as in private. His diary, from such portions of it as we have been privileged to see, seems, therefore, just a trifle monotonous, since his point of view has so small a variety. Its virtue is its great sincerity.

When he records, for example, that he dined with the members of the Royal Academy, but that he was compelled to leave early owing to the "filthy conversation," or that, on another occasion, he went with our only Sir Joshua to Holland House, and, "I was prevailed upon to do a drawing at Holland House, but, liking not my company, left early," one's first inclination is to feel repelled by conduct which seems over-nice, and even exaggerated in its particularity. But one remembers that the confession was, after all, made to a diary, and written with every circumstance of secrecy, even down to the employment of a difficult cypher, and the remembrance cannot fail to persuade one of the principle and sincerity of the man who penned these sentiments.

Of course, it must have been rather disagreeable for the men whom Russell distinguished by his aversion, and, no doubt, Sir Joshua Reynolds felt a genuine grievance when his somewhat less famous contemporary lectured him upon the turpitude of painting on Sundays. It is supposed that the remonstrance estranged the two artists during some portion of their acquaintance, and one is not altogether surprised to learn the fact. Russell's impromptu sermons, his excessive horror of even common forms



CROSSING THE STREAM.—A. KAPTEYN.  
In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

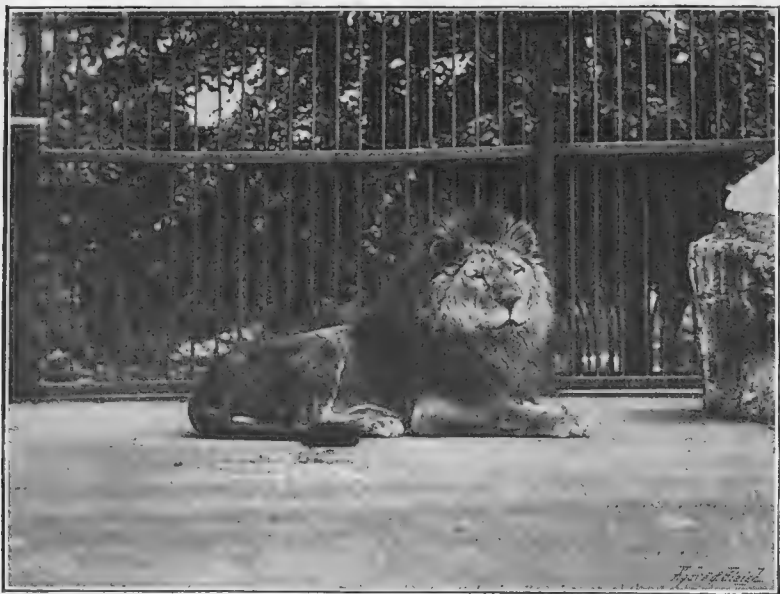
of frivolity, no doubt, made him a not altogether desirable companion to the ordinary man of the world, and to this possibly uninteresting side of his character may, perhaps, be attributed that lack of interest which has delayed his biography.



THE JESTER.—HARRY A. MORRISON.  
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



It must have been a little trying, too, for sitters to find that they were tied for hours to one who was not only a portrait-painter but a missionary of the Gospel as well, and that Russell indulged in this practice we learn



A LION.—HENRY SANDLAND.  
In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

from the same diary. There are few more trying ordeals in the minor trials of life than to sit for one's portrait, and when to that trial is added the compulsion to endure a sermon from your chosen artist things are made thereby doubly trying. We must, however, forgive much to Russell on account of his art; that, at all events, he did not forsake for conscience' sake, as his son did, although it is said that as a youth William Russell showed a talent for painting scarcely less great than that of his father.

Egypt is again with us in its art as in its history, and next spring we are likely to be entertained with an exhibition of peculiar interest at the house of the Burlington Fine Arts Club in Savile Row. The club has hitherto done work of so interesting a nature that the fact of their having secured contributions by well-known collectors and from connoisseurs of well-known ability will recommend the exhibition to all who are interested in the antiquities of that great and curious nation. A catalogue, according to custom, will be compiled, and the catalogues of this club are usually particularly good.

Among other projects in connection with Egypt and the diffusion of information with regard to that wonderful land, it is announced that a new edition of Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's "Cairo" will be out in time for the customary winter visitors to Egypt. The new edition will not, however, appear in precisely the same form as the older editions, but will contain an additional chapter upon the old silver work of Cairo, which is becoming year by year more scarce. Anybody who knows anything about the old Cairene silver work, with its beautiful traceries and its exquisiteness of design, will temper their lament over its increasing scarcity by reason of Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's promised chapter.

We shall shortly have to keep a regular obituary column, so quickly do the artists follow one another to the grave. Another death is announced from Paris, that of M. Gustave Lévy, Président de la Société des Artistes Graveurs au Burin. It was with some hesitation that M. Lévy chose his career. Born at Toul in 1819, he began as a notary, then joined an architect, and finally decided to be an engraver. In 1837 he entered the *atelier* of MM. Andrew, Best, and Leloir, who at the time were engravers on wood for the *Magasin Pittoresque*. From wood he passed to copper, and his first plate was published in 1844, when he appeared at the Salon with the portrait of Louis XIV., after P. de Champaigne. The success of this venture persuaded him to continue the engraving of portraits, becoming known also by his prints of Raffaele, such as "La Belle Jardinière" and "La Vierge aux Candélabres," and by many vignettes. In 1846 he obtained a Medal of the Third Class, and in 1890 a Medal of the First Class. Two years ago he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and this year, the year of his death, he obtained a Medal of Honour at the Champs Elysées for his engravings of Renan's and Madame Mire's portraits, after the paintings by Bonnat. A useful and industrious life, if not a particularly brilliant one.



STUDY OF A CHILD.  
ENLARGEMENT BY THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY, LONDON, FROM A NEGATIVE BY HENRY SPRITE, BRIGHTON.  
In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

## A CHAT WITH "LITTLE LUNA"

Photographs by Mr. Hana, Regent Street.

A very busy young damsel is pretty little Luna, who at the present moment is appearing nightly at the Oxford Music-Hall. It was arranged that I should have a chat with her on behalf of *The Sketch* at Mr. Hana's

studio on the same morning as her portrait was taken; in order to save the little lady's time, and I was making my way up the stairs when a small, plump child, in a flimsy frock, half-hidden beneath the apron of a maid-of-all-work, passed me on her way to the dressing-room. A touzled wig ornamented with curl-papers of varying hue surmounted Luna's fair hair, and a pair of big blue eyes, rippling over with fun, and fringed by curling eyelashes, peeped out at me from beneath the odd-looking wig.

"I have just been photographed as the slavey in my servant's song," volunteered the child, and I am going to change now and wear the dress in which I sing 'Since Sarah won the shirt-front in a raffle.' Then she disappeared for a few

seconds, to emerge, like the butterfly, from the chrysalis stage, in a resplendent gown of yellow and blue, with a big feathered hat.

Mr. Phasey, the principal of the Anglo-Italian Dancing School, who, with his wife, has trained little Luna, commenced to hum the tune referring to Sarah, and the child, dancing about in front of the camera with the most perfect self-possession in the world, proceeded to give forth the words, striking the quaintest attitudes.

It was a very quick matter to take a couple of photos of Luna, as she posed herself with the steadiness and natural eye for effect of quite an old hand, and while she ran down again to don the sailor suit in which she sings "True Blue," a very nautical ditty, I asked Mr. Phasey how he found the clever little artist.

"She came to us through an advertisement," her manager explained, "and has been studying in our school of singing and dancing. My wife, who was a ballet-mistress under Sir Augustus Harris, and six years with Colonel Mapleson, taught her the dancing, while I am responsible for the songs. The child sits on my knee, and I sing them over and over to her till she picks up the tunes. She has quite a large repertoire, and can already do about fourteen character ditties."

While Mr. Phasey was speaking, Luna tripped up again in a genuine sailor's suit of blue satin, with a white satin jacket, and the nattiest of man-o'-war caps surmounting her fair curls. With nothing more to guide

her than the manager's humming of the hornpipe, she danced daintily through it, not forgetting any action appropriate to the sailor's reel.

"She can dance anywhere," said Mr. Phasey, for the floor on which she stood was not particularly adapted to the elaborate footing of the little one. "I took her to a concert-hall once where there was nowhere for her to dance, so they just put a table in the centre, and I carried her on to it, and she was just as happy as if pirouetting on a polished floor."

The last of the photographs having been taken, little Luna went off to change for the last time.

"I can dress myself," she said, in response to an offer of assistance. "I can do it quite nicely," and in less time than it takes to tell I saw the pretty little girl in private dress, her fourth change in a very brief time.

"Well, do you like being at the Oxford?" I said, as Luna, in the frock of an every-day young maiden, drew a chair up to mine.

"Yes, very much indeed," she answered with emphasis. "I have been acting a little before this time, as I was in Mr. Phasey's burlesque, 'King Kromo.'"

"She appeared at the Theatre Royal, Bolton, last Christmas," interpolated the manager. "I ran the piece round the provinces on purpose to introduce her; but this is her first appearance in London. I have just signed a contract that she shall give her services exclusively to the Oxford for the next eight weeks."

"Do you get very tired stopping up so late?"

"Oh, no," answered Luna. "I like it, and Mr. Phasey takes me home in a hansom each evening. I am very fond of riding in cabs," she explained, with childish naïveté; "but we were going to have a brougham the other evening, and I should have liked that still better."

"What do you do with yourself all day? Are you fond of playing with dolls?"

"I like dolls very well, but I have not much time for them. You see, I get up about half-past eight to go to school, and I go back to lessons again after dinner, and afterwards to Mrs. Phasey's school to practise singing and dancing; then in the evening I am at the music-hall."

"But you would sooner work than play?" for Luna seemed to enjoy the recital of her busy hours.

"Oh, yes! I like it very much. I am fonder of dancing than writing and doing those kind of lessons, but knitting is nice. I can knit socks and stockings,"

she said, with a slight inflection of pride, then, honestly, "At least, I can knit the leg, but I think I have forgotten how to do the toe and heel."

"Are you an only child?"

"No; I have some brothers and sisters, but I am the youngest. Father is dead, and mother is a dressmaker," she volunteered, with the frankness of childhood. "I help her sometimes by threading her needles, when I have not any songs to learn."

"Does it take you long to know the words?"

"No, not at all; if Mr. Phasey gives me a piece one evening, I know it by the next night."

"You can read the words for yourself, then?"

"Oh, yes. I am eleven and a half!"—though plump little Luna looks considerably less.

"And have you read all the things that have been written about you in the paper?"

"Mother reads them to me, and explains them if I don't understand them all. Mother has been to the hall to see me act, and so have my brothers."

I could have spent some more time chatting with the unaffected little girl, who seemed quite unspoiled by her success, and only anxious to earn money and help her mother, but her frocks had been packed in the cab, and Mr. Phasey was waiting for her below: so we said "Good-bye" at length, Luna confiding to me at the last moment, with much glee, that "her teacher had given her a whole holiday, to come and have her portraits taken, that they might go in *The Sketch*."

T. E. B.





## THE WORK OF THE CAMERA.

BY H. SNOWDEN WARD.

## VII.—LADY AMATEURS (Concluded).

Of the work of some of the New York lady amateurs whose names were mentioned in the last article, I am now able to give reproductions, and perhaps a few words about the ladies themselves may not be uninteresting. Mrs. Edith Lounsbury, a leader in New York society life and one of the best known members of the New York Camera Club, has used her wealth and influence most lavishly in fostering amateur photography in New York. Much of her own work is very beautiful, and, like all other workers noticed this week, she is an expert lantern-slide maker, so that her results are often shown and demonstrated at the rooms of her own Camera Club by means of the optical lantern. It should be noted that most of the ladies in this club constantly use its dark room.

Miss Mary E. Martin, although a resident of New York in the winter, spends her summers in Cooperstown (formerly the home of J. Fenimore Cooper), and the locality of her summer residence has given a tone and direction to her work. At first it almost all consisted of rural scenes and animal studies. Hop-growing, which is one of the chief industries of the district, she has illustrated in all its phases, and she finds a great

was greatly assisted by Lafayette W. Seavey, the leading American painter of photographic backgrounds and accessories. In the latter series a great amount of labour was devoted to securing the historical correctness of the costumes, and of every detail in the scenery and surroundings. The armour, &c., was made on a basis of careful study in the British Museum, a study made by one of the leading stage-managers of New York. For everyone of these studies many arrangements



Photogram by Mrs. Catharine Weed Ward.

## EXULTATION.

"I am old, so old I can write a letter;  
My birthday lessons are done;  
The lambs play always, they know no better;  
They are only one times one."—JEAN INGELOW.

were made, and many plates exposed before the satisfactory final one was decided on, for the photographer must necessarily have the co-operation of the models to even a greater extent than the painter, and, even when the outline arrangements of the picture are carefully considered and completed, figures often need much coaching and many trial sittings. Some of Mrs. Ward's most successful and popular studies are in illustration of Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven,"



Photogram by Miss Mary E. Martin.

## STARTLED.



Photogram by Mrs. Edith H. Lounsbury.

## THE POOR ORGAN-GRINDER.

wealth of subjects in the farm and animal life around her home. Comparatively recently she has taken up the study of flowers by photography, and with wonderfully successful results, which have been frequently shown in European as well as American competitions. She received one of the Vienna Exhibition medals for a figure study.

Miss Elizabeth Almy Slade is a member of a very old New York family, and with her sister, an able painter-artist, has travelled very much in Europe in search of the picturesque. A summer spent in Brittany afforded the sisters an immense wealth of subjects, and they have also thoroughly explored Holland and other parts of the Continent. Miss Slade is a very interesting writer, as well as a competent photographer, and has published accounts of her travels, illustrated from her own photograms, in some of the American magazines. She is a member of the New York Society of Amateur Photographers.

Mrs. Catharine Weed Ward, though now resident in England, is an American worker, and was the only woman on the Board of Judges in Photography at the World's Columbian Exposition last year. She is better known by her writings than by her photograms. As one of the most enthusiastic amateur photographers, she has built two studios at her home in Albany, New York, and in them has produced a great amount of careful figure-study work, chiefly in illustration of well-known poems. Her most important series are those illustrating Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" and "Elaine," in the preparation of both of which she



SUMMER FANCIES.

Photogram by Miss Mary E. Martin.

the first of which, "Seven Times One," is reproduced herewith. The little maid on her seventh birthday is supposed to be saying—

"There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven;  
I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
Seven times one are seven.

"I am old, so old I can write a letter;  
My birthday lessons are done;  
The lambs play always, they know no better;  
They are only one times one."

In working for the American journals, Mrs. Ward (then Miss Barnes) has photographed many of the most important historical scenes in Great Britain. During the summer of 1892, in a five months' trip through the British Isles, she made nearly 1000 negatives on 10 by 8 in. plates. During the present summer she has been engaged in illustrating a book on the Shakspeare country, which will be shortly announced for publication both in this country and in America. In journalism, Mrs. Ward has served as editor as well as contributor to the photographic and general journals. For two years she was responsible editor of the *American Amateur Photographer*, of which, since her removal to England, she has been associate-editor, and she is also associate-editor of the *Photogram*, an English journal. In her photographic writings Mrs. Ward always advocated photography as a profession or calling specially suited for women, and one for which woman is specially gifted by her natural delicate perception and artistic skill. It is curious that though so many women are employed in the reception-room and as printers, mounters, spotters, &c., comparatively few qualify as operators or engage in the photographic business on their own account. In the "London Directory" there is a fair proportion of women's names mentioned among the photographers, and a few will also be found scattered through the country, but most of them have come into the business through the death of husbands or other male relatives, and are merely proprietors and managers, taking no great part in the actual working of the business. Of course, there are exceptions to this, and in many cases women photographers are well able to

compete both as regards business ability and photographic skill with their brothers in the craft. There are in professional photography some few women who have been specially trained and who have deliberately started in the business. One of these, who took the complete course of instruction at the Polytechnic School of Photography in Regent Street, and who has since made a very conspicuous business success, is Miss Alice Hughes, of Gower Street. Other ladies who have recently started in business, quite independent of male assistance in the management, are Miss Brown, in Regent Street, and the Misses Grey, Westbourne Grove, W.

That women are capable of being successful photographers is fully demonstrated by both amateurs and professionals, and even the deeper scientific mysteries of the craft have now been successfully invaded by at least one lady investigator. One of the most interesting scientific advances in recent photography has arisen from the keen researches of Messrs. Hurter and Driffield, which have resulted in a system of testing the sensitiveness of photographic dry plates that has been adopted by several firms of manufacturers. One of the first of these to take up this system was the Imperial Dry Plate

Company, of Cricklewood, N., the managing director of which is Dr. J. J. Ackworth. Mrs. Ackworth some time ago took up the subject of plate-testing, and now tests every batch of plates made in the factory, and not only has she mastered the practical working tests, but she has also become thoroughly acquainted with the experiments and conclusions on which the practical testing is based.

Before concluding these remarks upon lady amateurs (which have drifted far enough to include professionals), I must add a few words as to the pictures shown by ladies at the two photographic exhibitions now open in London. In both the work of women is better represented than it has been at any photographic exhibition before, and, although in the foregoing articles I have mentioned but few of the ladies there exhibiting, I trust at some future time to return to the subject.



THE BROTHERS.

Photogram by Miss Elizabeth Almy Slade.



## SOUTH-AFRICAN SPORT.

## A COLONIST INTERVIEWED ON RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Africa from time immemorial is referred to by travellers and *hoc genus omne* as the land for sport. For the last half-century the hunter has revelled in the pursuit of game, great and small, and even now if a shooting expedition is organised Southern or Central Africa is generally the first choice. Sport with the gun, however, no longer holds the palm, for those old-time English sports, cricket and football, are becoming extensively popular, and a generation is springing up in all quarters of South Africa whose first impulse is to grapple with the ball in friendly rivalry. South Africa can now boast of a host of athletes of the first order, and much is due to them for removing the belief that Africa is a barren wilderness. Its cricketers have shown themselves capable of holding their own with several of our first-class counties, and this speaks volumes for the initial efforts of cricketers from what is

early football in Scotland, it may be assumed that the Transvaal alone could place a team in the field that would give our best Association clubs an even game.

A representative of *The Sketch* had a chat on football at the Cape with Mr. Simkins, the manager of the South-African cricket team that recently visited England.

"The first signs of organisation," said Mr. Simkins, "were made in the early eighties, and it was in 1883 that the first Rugby Football Union in the colony took a definite shape. That was in Cape Town. We ran it on similar lines to those adopted at home, and the rules as laid down here governed the clubs forming the new union. Even now, should any alteration be made in England, we at once fall in with them; in fact, you may say we are chicks which answer to the call of the old hen."

"You hold some responsible position, I suppose, on the Union directorate?" remarked the *Sketch* representative.

"Oh, yes; I have had the honour of being president for several years past. The Union now," continued Mr. Simkins, "is made up

Frost (forward). Wade (half-back). Butler (right back). Parry (goal). Childs (centre half). Burgon (left back). Vosper (forward).



Glendeaming (right half). Couling (inside right). Parker (centre, Capt.). Owen (inside left). Ridgeway (outside left). Callwell (linesman).  
Forder (outside right). Schmidt (left half).

## THE WINNERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN FOOTBALL CHALLENGE CUP.

practically a new country. Four or five of the team, all young in years, who have either learned their cricket in South Africa or perfected it there, are considered by leading exponents of the game to be good enough to play in the best county teams. Pedestrianism is likewise forging ahead, and if the times which several runners are credited with from 100 to 880 yards be true, then they must be veritable champions.

Football, both Association and Rugby, now boasts of thousands of adherents, and in all the chief towns of South Africa, where both games are played, large and enthusiastic crowds assemble to cheer on their respective favourites. Rugby football was put on trial there two years ago, certainly a severe one, when a first class English team toured the land of gold and diamonds. It was proved that the South Africans were not able to cope with the splendid play of their strong opponents, but an interested public assembled in thousands to witness the contests. Football played under the Association code claims to be in a much more advanced stage. A tournament recently held in Cape Town between Western Province, Eastern Province (or Frontier), Kimberley, and the Transvaal Associations resulted in the Transvaal team securing the handsome trophy presented this year by Sir Donald Currie to the South-African Football Association. It appears that none of the winners of the Transvaal Senior Cup were able to accompany the team to Cape Town, and, as this team possesses several players who have learned their

from clubs in Western Province, Eastern Province, Griqualand West, Border Union, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State. All these provinces have each their own challenge cup. Then there is a Football Board and a challenge cup belonging to the Union, which is competed for by clubs drawn from each province or state. A tournament is held yearly in the province in which the cup temporarily is, for no province can hold the cup two years in succession."

"Will you tell me something of your personal career?" asked the *Sketch* man.

"Well," rejoined Mr. Simkins, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, "I hardly like to blow my own trumpet. I may tell you I was born in London, and came to the Cape seventeen years ago. As you say, I am fond of sports, and have taken part in nearly all the principal outdoor games, my favourite pastime being rowing. The Civil Service Rowing Club made me captain, a post I held for years. I have also the honour of being vice-president of the Cape Town C.C., the Cape Town Cycling Club, and the Table Bay Boating Association. I am president, also, of the Hamilton Rugby Football Club, and am also a Volunteer, so that you see I have plenty to occupy my time in my leisure hours. Er—is there anything more I can tell you?" he added.

"Only where the 'leisure hours' come in," was my parting remark as we shook hands—not for the last time we mutually hoped. x.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Do you want a model, Sir?"

"No! Go away, I'm busy!"

"Well, lend me sixpence."

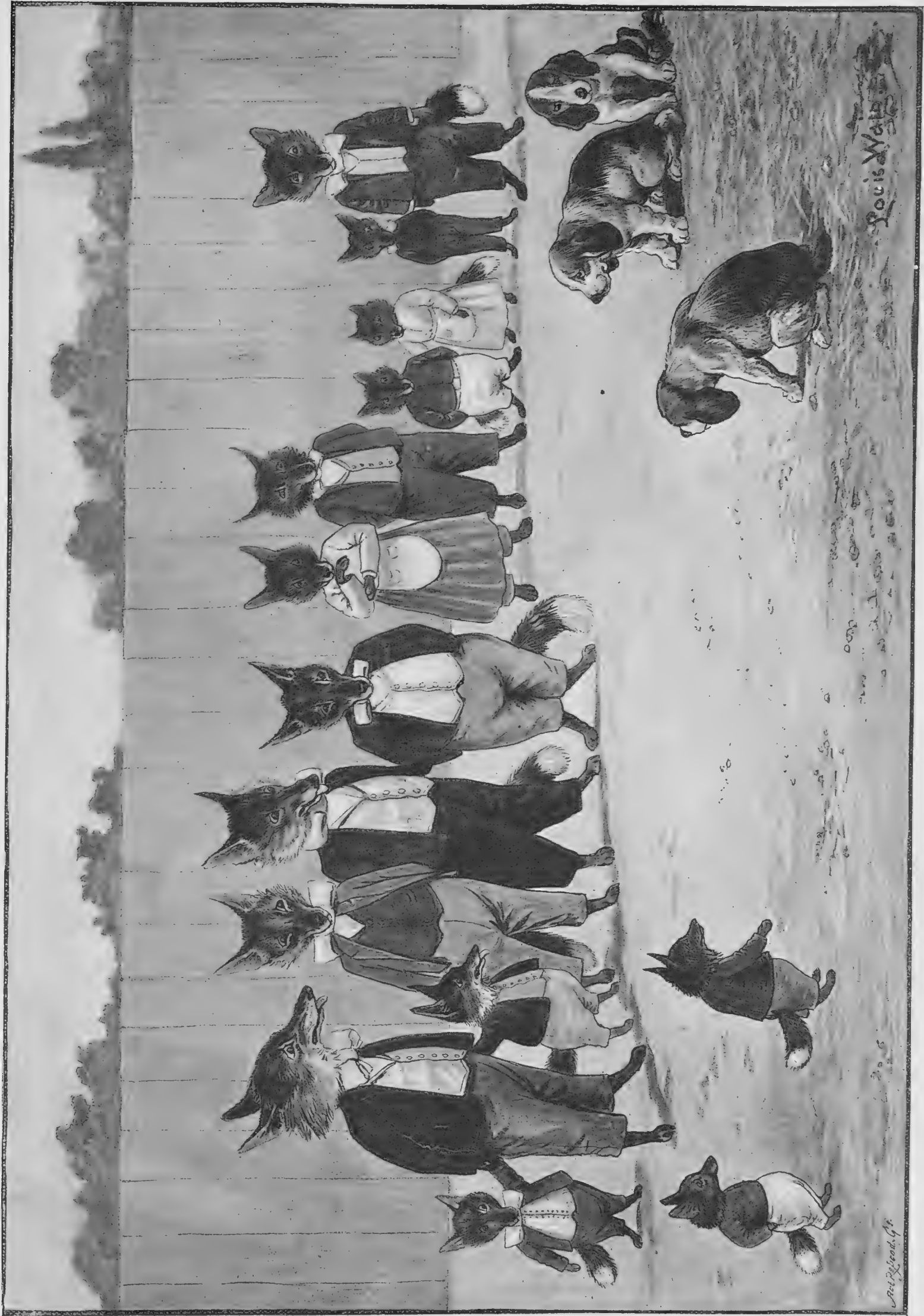
"Certainly not; I don't know you."

"Garn! Lend me sixpence, and I'll give you twopence to get your 'air cut."





BARGAINING FOR THE LAST FISH, VENICE.



A VISIT TO A PUPPY SHOW.





FLOWER-GIRL: "That 'ere gent a-wanted tick. Said 'e'd a-give me the copper when 'e returned."



FAIR MAIDENHOOD.

A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.



## CAPTAIN JACK.

London knows not Captain Jack, and Captain Jack has lived thirty-five years without seeing London.

Put him down suddenly in Piccadilly, and he would be stared at as though he belonged behind the bars of a cage at the Zoo. And he would know that he was out of his element, and would be much depressed, and have great difficulty in managing his hands and feet. But see him on the height of one of his own Cornish crags, or set him in a lifeboat, tossed like an egg-shell over towering seas, and he is at home—monarch of all he surveys, a keen-eyed, wiry fellow, with eagle features cut in bronze. Even the rough clothes and big boots seem but component parts of the picture when set in such a frame. He is brave, and does not know that he is brave, because it seems to him that what he would dare all other men would dare equally. I should not like to see Captain Jack in Piccadilly; but on the crest of the great cliff, cut in twain by the quarry of which he is master or "captain," he was the right man in the right place.

Three hundred feet below us sobbed the ocean. In the distance loomed "Dark Tintagel by the Cornish sea." The clink of hammers and sudden deep explosions of blasting smote our ears. We went into Captain Jack's little hut, and I was presented with a generous share of his simple treasures—freckled gulls' eggs and translucent "Cornish diamonds."

I knew that Captain Jack had been among the foremost in saving lives that fatal day in Christmas week when the *Iota* beat herself to pieces against the horns of the Lye Rock, and I asked him to talk to me about it.

"I'm a poor hand at telling stories," he said. "The words won't come right. Our Cornish way of speaking is different from yours, too, and 'appen you'd hardly know what I meant sometimes."

I accepted the risk, and, by way of launching him on the tide of narrative, asked, "How did you feel climbing the Lye Rock in the face of that awful storm?"

Captain Jack looked puzzled. "I don't know as I felt much of anything. I just kept goin' on. Somebody had to go. There stood those seven poor Italian fellers, near as naked as God made 'em, crouched together on a ledge not much wider than my two hands. They couldn't understand how to make the rockets work. The little boy and two of the sailors had been smashed to bits between the ship and the rock, and it wasn't in the heart of man to let any more go that way. But we had to wait till the tide went out to get to the rock, for no boat could live, and it was nervous work waiting, for, though 'twas but four o'clock or so, it was winter and night was comin' down. We cliff men are proper used to climbing all our lives, or we couldn't have done anything, for the rock is bad at all times, and that day there was a brave sea, that made everything slippery like and near blinded us. We did it, though; we climbed up on the shore side and down to the Italians on the far side, till they'd got the rope all right."

"Weren't you even a *little* afraid?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well, I did feel queer once or twice. But it's easier to run a little risk than to do as we have to sometimes on this coast, sit still and watch a vessel go down with all hands before our eyes. That makes a man feel ten years older in a day. There was the Sarah Anderson, for instance, and there've been too many other cases."

"As for the climbing, I took to the cliffs as soon as I could walk. My father was what I am, captain of a quarry, and I used to be free of the place—a place where a stranger couldn't take two steps without the risk of falling hundreds of feet into the sea. And the best fun I ever got was climbing after gulls' eggs. The birds are too wise to lay where it would be easy for us humans to steal their eggs, but we manage it in spite of them, and learn almost to go up the side of a house in doing so. Then there are the eggs of the red-legged chough, which are far more valuable, as I daresay you've heard the story we Cornish people tell the children, that King Arthur never died, but was changed into a red-legged chough, until the day shall come for him to claim his own again. A boy can get six or seven shillings for an egg, but it is forbidden by law to kill or injure one of the choughs themselves."

"If King Arthur should come again to his kingdom, wouldn't it interfere rather with Queen Victoria and her descendants?" I inquired.

"If there's any truth in the story, his spirit might as well be in the body of one of her line as anywhere else," said Captain Jack, shrewdly. "We're fond of the old tales here, there's no doubt, though some of the historical places have been put to queer uses. The cave where King Arthur is said to have lived with Merlin, for instance, was used by the smugglers in old days, and I reckon they weren't quite done with it even in my recollection. One entrance is away up by the castle keep, and another down by the sea, and it's easy to get wet inside. It was a 'witcher' who betrayed the secret of the place, because of a spite she had against one of the men concerned with it."

"And, pray, what is a witcher?" said I.

"Oh, an old woman who witches you and wishes you evil if you vex her. There's one now, not many miles from here. I'd sooner not offend, though I'm not, so to say, superstitious; but it's in the blood, I reckon. My family has been in these parts since 1449, and some of them were giants; but big as they were—my great-grandfather was sixty inches round his chest—they were all afraid of the witchers. They used to pay money to keep their goodwill, as we've got records to show, if they were undertaking any big work in which they wanted above all things to succeed. The woman I'm speaking of, who lives to this day, wanted me to give her five-and-twenty pounds when I was made master of this quarry. She said if I wouldn't she'd wish me harm. But she couldn't

make me pay it. I made up my mind I'd not be slave to a woman—at least, till I got me a wife. But I spoke her civil, all the same, I can tell you."

"And did any harm follow?"

"Well, I don't know. It wasn't many weeks after when I and five others were standing on a ledge of rock overhanging the cliff, seemingly as firm as this we're on" (I shuddered), "which we'd run out on a thousand times. I was the last to step on it, and I was giving the men some directions, when of a sudden there was a queer feeling under my feet, and a slight sound, like gravel running down a hill. I never thought of the rock giving way, but, without knowing why, I jumped back, and with that the great ledge leaped over the cliff, carrying all the men with it into the sea. It was an awful thing, and preyed on my mind till I felt as though I oughtn't to have jumped, but gone to my death with the rest."

"Then, some months after, another dreadful thing came on us. A little fellow, about fourteen, was employed in the quarry, and one day, when we'd knocked off work at noon, he was told to stop in the place till we came back, and not to move from the hut here. Well, I wasn't gone above ten minutes, but when I came and called the boy he was nowhere to be found. He was never seen again, not even his dead body, but we always supposed he'd disobeyed orders, gone over the cliff for eggs, and fallen off, poor little chap!"

"And did you believe the witcher responsible for these accidents?"

"No—o," doubtfully. "Still, I couldn't but remember it. Our vicar, he who owns the quarry, would have said hard things to me if he'd thought I paid any attention to what he calls rubbish. The vicar's an older man than Mr. Gladstone, and has had this parish fifty-nine years. In the old days he used to force us to church, saying if we wouldn't go to his church we shouldn't work in his quarry; but he realises the world's different now, and even a vicar can't be quite so high-handed."

This was interesting in its way, but I pined for more adventure, and petitioned for it boldly.

"Something romantic?" echoed Captain Jack. "Well, the most romantic thing that ever happened to me was saving a beautiful young lady from London, whose father, an artist, had brought her here for the summer, as the gossip went, to get her away from a lover."

"We all admired her, and thought a good deal about her, and one morning, as I was passing along Trebarwith strand, I saw her going in to bathe, with her hair hanging down in curls below her belt. I couldn't help standing a minute, and just as I was walking away I saw her knocked down by a big wave. Another came before she could get on her feet, and took her out to sea, but I didn't wait after the first. I just threw off my coat and boots, and went in after her. It was a rough sea, and hard to swim against, but I got her at last, and, though in her fright she did her best to sink us both, I brought her to land. I was the proudest man on earth, you may believe. She was ill for days, and the first thing we knew, a fine-looking young man came from town to see her and her father. We all thought he must be the lover, and her father couldn't bear to keep him from her at such a time. They wanted to give me twenty pounds, but I wouldn't take it. I didn't want any reward for what I'd done."

"Another thing that happened to me—perhaps you might call it romantic—was finding some bones buried, not far from this quarry. They must have been hundreds of years old, for there were some bits of ornaments, which I took to the vicar, because it was his land, and he said they were likely as old as King Arthur. He gave me one back, a thing like a bracelet, and said I was to keep it for my wife, if ever I got one."

"And is there a prospect of such an event?" I questioned.

Captain Jack blushed under the sunburn.

"I'm afraid not," said he, bashfully. "I should like to marry, but, though the Cornish girls are proper handsome, I should like a town wife. Town girls are so sweet-spoken, and have such pretty voices and ways. I would be good to her and study her in every thought. But that sort of girl wouldn't look at a rough fellow such as me, and I'm like to go a bachelor to my grave."

I endeavoured to reassure him on this point, but in vain; and if any maiden be minded to wed with a brave, brown son of the sea and Cornish cliffs, she has but to let me know, and she shall have Captain Jack's address in confidence.

A. L.

## BACHELOR LIFE.

Bachelor life is a bore.

Oh, for a maid and a meadow!

I've hunted from Hull to Bigorre,

I've hunted from Shanghai to Yeddo!

Oh, for a maid and a meadow!

Oh, for a lake and a moon!

Alas! they're no nearer than Yeddo.

Alas! they're no nearer than June.

Oh, for a lake and a moon!

A boat, and a wee woman in it!

Alas! they're no nearer than June.

And had she a heart, could I win it?

A boat and a wee woman in it?

I'm afraid I would pull for the shore.

Her heart? Ah! I never could win it.

But—bachelor life is a bore.—*Life* (New York).

# DISINFECT

## WITH

# "Sanitas"



### DISINFECTION WITH "SANITAS."

A searching investigation recently made by Dr. A. B. Griffiths, F.R.S.E., F.C.S., the well-known Bacteriologist, has established the fact that very minute proportions of "Sanitas" Fluid, "Sanitas" Oil, and "Sanitas" Emulsion suffice to quickly destroy the microbes of Cholera, Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia, Measles, Influenza, Puerperal Fever, Glanders, Yellow Fever, &c.

It has also been shown that the vapour of "Sanitas" Oil, as generated from the "Sanitas" Disinfecting Fumigator, has a most destructive action on the germs of disease, and that, consequently, its inhalation must be most beneficial in the treatment of Diphtheria, Phthisis, and all Diseases of the Lungs and Throat.

When used for fumigating sick-rooms, Dr. Griffiths' experiments show that a short time serves to destroy all the germs that are present in the air.

His experiments also demonstrate that when "Sanitas" Fluid is sprayed about dwelling-rooms, the microbes of disease are entirely and quickly destroyed, and that small quantities of "Sanitas" Emulsion equally well destroy the same germs when present in water. Of great importance is the further fact which is brought out by Dr. Griffiths' investigations—namely, that not only do "Sanitas" Disinfectants kill all disease germs, but they exhibit this great advantage over other preparations—namely, that they also destroy the poisonous substances which are produced by disease germs and to which they largely owe their fearful character.

Dr. Griffiths concludes his Report with these words:

"There is no doubt that 'Sanitas' Oil and 'Sanitas' Fluid are most powerful disinfectants; consequently, they should not only be used for disinfecting rooms, hospitals, barracks, prisons, &c., but also employed in the treatment of infectious diseases, such as cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, glanders, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, puerperal fever, &c."

Copies of Dr. Griffiths' Report and others will be sent free on application.

*The following pregnant observations concerning the characters of a DISINFECTANT INTENDED FOR UNIVERSAL USE were made by the "STANDARD" on September 11, 1878, and they are as true to-day as when they were penned:—*

"Firstly, it should not be dangerous if by any chance it be taken internally, and we know that in the case of carbolic acid, for instance, fatal accidents from its use are of constant occurrence. Secondly, it should not be destructive of any substances to which it is applied, as such a quality would necessarily limit its action, and it could not be used, as noted above, to saturate sheets and cut off infection. Thirdly, it ought not to be offensive, for even postulating the efficacy of an evil-smelling disinfectant, it is never likely to become popular, and it is to the general, we might almost say the universal, use of disinfectants that we must look for any permanent mitigations of the evil exhalations that so often pollute the atmosphere, and which almost invariably carry with them the germs of disease. Many disinfectants offered to the public fulfil one or two of these requirements, while others, though effectual enough, contain recognisable elements of danger. Only one or two may be used with confidence whenever a disinfectant is needed."

*Such are the "SANITAS" DISINFECTANTS.*

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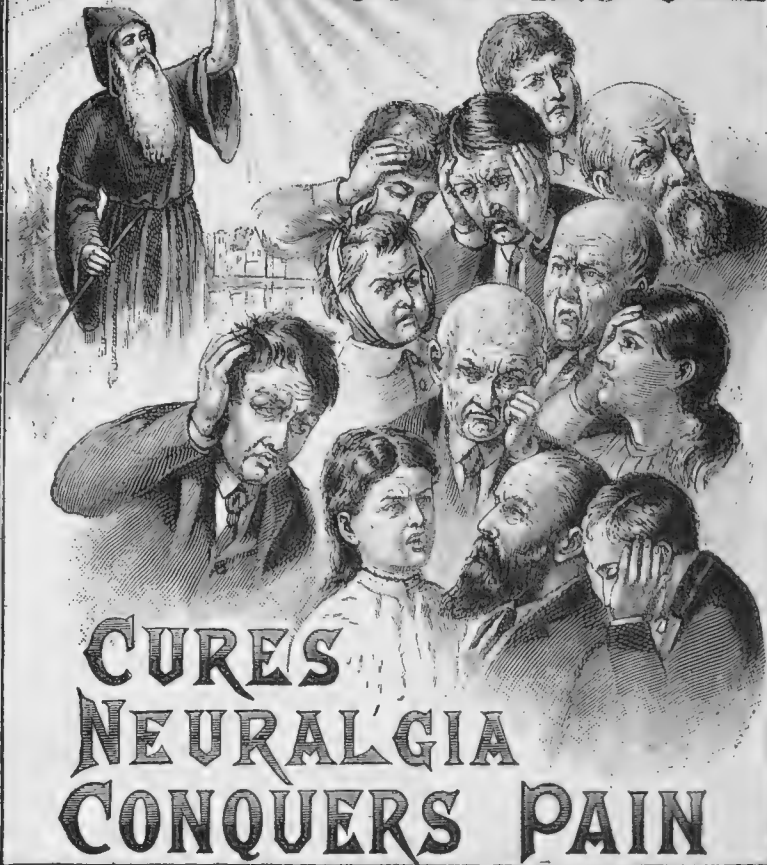
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## A GOSSIP WITH "GYP."

To interview the wittiest woman in France is not a task to be undertaken with a light heart by the average individual. Not everyone can rise to the height of this great enterprise, and I confess (says a representative of *The Sketch*) that it was with mingled feelings of pleasurable curiosity and an insane desire to run away that I rang the bell of a little green door in the Rue de Chezy, Neuilly, one afternoon, and asked to see the famous Madame de Martel.

"*Madame la Comtesse ne reçoit pas,*" was the unexpected reply of the footman that answered my summons.

"*Mais comment!* Madame expects me. She wrote to me, fixing this hour."

"*Ah! Madame est donc la dame anglaise qu'attend Madame la Comtesse?* She told me she would not be at home to anyone else to-day."

Having satisfied him that I was the person in question, I was admitted, crossed the little paved pathway, was ushered up the short flight of white stone steps, through the hall, and into the *salon* on the right, where I seated myself while my presence was being announced to the mistress of the house. The room was charming and individual. It ran the entire depth of the house, and had windows on three sides. That before me opened down to the ground, affording a view of a stretch of turf, smooth as emerald velvet, and the great ornamental iron gates beyond, that form the carriage entrance on the Boulevard Bineau. A gardener, the only figure to be seen, moved outside, cutting the grass. Back came the servant: Madame la Comtesse would be with me in a moment. She had only just come in, and apologised for keeping me waiting. Would I care to read these papers in the meantime?—I preferred to study the room. Its prevailing tone was grey. The ceiling was draped like a pavilion. In the centre of the apartment stood a *causeuse*, topped by a majolica swan, filled with greenery. The carpet mingled greyish and dark-blue tones; the furniture was chiefly in the Louis Quinze style, with covering of faint-hued brocade; an embroidered *ôcre portière* concealed the door by which I had entered. On a black satin couch to my left were carelessly laid two bold and dashing paintings signed "Gyp"; one showed a short-frocked girl lying at full length in a meadow, the other a gentleman on horseback. By the fireplace opposite—the mantelpiece bearing an aspidochelone in full leaf, photographs, Chinese monsters, and bibelots quaint or pretty—stood an armchair, flanked by a white-and-gold screen set with gaily-coloured original caricatures. An open piano behind it gave evidence of musical tastes, and in the corresponding corner, by a window, a great palm spread its leaves.

I had scarcely completed my survey when the door opened and "Gyp" herself was shaking hands with me and bidding me welcome. No, she was not at all alarming; on the contrary, she was sweet and gracious.

A willowy figure, looking tall because of its slimness, robed in a trailing tea-gown of pale yellow, with sleeves and frills of white chiffon; a small face, with bright grey eyes and a fringe of fair hair; an aspect youthful and girlish; a grace of movement and of gesture that somehow recalled Sarah Bernhardt; a pleasant-speaking voice, discoursing exquisite French. Such was "Gyp."

She took a seat in the armchair, her dainty head silhouetted against the screen, and my first duty was to crave her indulgence for any maltreatment of her native tongue whereof I, as a foreigner, might be guilty.

"*Mais vous parlez parfaitement français,*" was the polite and reassuring, if not convincing, reply. "*Et moi qui ne parle pas un mot d'anglais!* To be sure, I learned English as a child, but have forgotten every word. Parisiennes have no talent for languages."

This I ventured to dispute, preferring to attribute their deficiencies in that respect to the fact that, French being spoken everywhere, they have no need to master another tongue than the one they speak so charmingly. But Madame de Martel was not to be persuaded.

"You are Parisian born, are you not?" I asked. "You certainly ought to be, since your books are typical of Parisian life."

"No, I am not. *Je suis bien Bretonne.* I am the great-niece of Mirabeau, the orator of the French Revolution. His brother, my grandfather, Mirabeau Tonneau, bought a property in Brittany, but we are really of Provençal origin. My husband is a Norman."

"Did you begin to write before your marriage?"

"No, for I married young, at nineteen. That was in 1869. I have three children. My eldest boy, the original, by-the-way, of P'tit Bob, is just twenty. He is great at football, and has a passion for games and sport of all kinds. My daughter, who speaks English perfectly, is sixteen. That is her portrait," and she pointed to the long painting on the couch of the girl amid grass and flowers."

"Really! I was admiring it before you entered. Has it been exhibited?"

"No, no; it was very hastily done. See there, the wood of the panel shows through."

"It has a good effect. I thought you did it on purpose. And the other?"

"That was shown at the Concours Hippique. I am devoted to horses, and ride daily from ten to twelve, except during snowy weather.

The Bois de Boulogne is delightful in the mornings, but the solemn crowded afternoon parade in the 'Acacias' bores me to death."

"I have seen this painting of you in London," I said, indicating a canvas. "It was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery."

"So it was, two or three years ago. The artist, a friend of ours, M. Albert Aublet, lives close to us here with his mother. He is ill, and I ran over to inquire for him, which must be my excuse for having kept you waiting a few minutes, as I had but just returned when you arrived."

"The two portraits you are exhibiting just now at the Salon du Champ de Mars are very fine."

"Ah! Madame Maurice Barrès with her child and 'Jacques.' I am glad you like them. I love painting; it is one of my greatest joys, and I give a good deal of time to it every day."

"But how do you find leisure for writing as well?"

"Oh, I rise early, and go very little into society."

"Do you not like society, then?"

"Not in general; it depends very much on the people I meet. I seldom go to Paris; once in three weeks or so. *Je suis très sauvage.* The quiet life here suits me best. I go to an occasional 'first night,' if there is a promise of anything good; but as for visiting, *je suis très ours; ça ne m'amuse pas.*"

"I have often wondered, Madame, if your P'tit Bleu were not autobiographical, your thoughts and feelings as a child?"

"To a certain extent, yes. *Il y a bien quelque chose de moi.*"

"What first gave you the idea of writing?"

"Well, it came to me like this. My husband held a high Government post in Lorraine at a time when political feeling ran very high. The Government was a little less bad then than now. We had to entertain a great deal, and all sorts of people had a claim to be invited—provincial mayors, officials, county families, officers, and the *gens du pays* generally. Soon after our arrival we gave a big dinner party. Oh, it was so funny! The guests agreed like fire and water; we had aristocrats and Radicals among them, and people of the most opposite opinions on religious and social questions. They said the rudest things to each other in the politest fashion. The whole affair tickled me immensely; so I wrote an account of it and sent it to Marcellin, the editor of *La Vie Parisienne*. He liked it, and I then became a regular contributor. He knew neither my name nor my sex for a long time, and thought my work was that of an officer stationed in country quarters."

"And you still continue to write for *La Vie Parisienne*?"

"Certainly. One of my latest stories published therein was 'Le Journal d'un Philosophe.' Have you read it? No? Then I will give you a copy. I have now finished 'Le Mariage de Chiffon.' It is a tale of quite a young girl—*un enfant analogue à P'tit Bleu, mais plus jeune fille.*"



"GYP."

Photo by Benque, Paris.



"Which of your books has been most successful?"

"'Autour du Mariage,' undoubtedly. It has had an immense sale, not only on the Continent, but in England."

"Have you ever been in England?"

"No, I regret to say, the chief reason being that one cannot get from Paris to London without passing through tunnels. Now, tunnels I detest, having a constant dread of being asphyxiated in one. For ten years I have never ventured to traverse a tunnel, and this is a great barrier to travelling."

"I am afraid the English climate has also something to do with your objection?"

"Oh, no. England would suit me to perfection. I dislike the sun, and love grey days."

"Your children have, no doubt, crossed the Channel, since you say they speak English so well?"

"They have not, indeed; but my daughter goes daily to the Convent of English Augustinian Nuns near here, where all the lessons are taught and learned in English, and nothing else is spoken. We have English friends, too, who pay us visits from time to time. Long ago I used to know and like the Duke of Hamilton, father of the present Duke, and remember seeing him going to the Tuileries in his Highland costume."

"You remember the Tuileries in the days before the war?"

"I do. Ah, how lovely the Empress was then! So *séduisante*! It is sad to hear how changed she is, to imagine her old and broken by sorrow. Not that she was faultless; on the contrary, many of the disasters of that time, I consider, were distinctly traceable to her."

We spoke of Madame Adam.

"What a charming woman!" said Madame de Martel. "I saw her for the first time in '70; she was then Madame Lamessine. Four-and-twenty years ago everyone else wore those detestable crinolines, but she appeared in a graceful Greek dress, and I thought I had never seen anyone as beautiful."

"Do you take any interest in English literature?"

"Oh, yes; I read a great many of your writers—in translations, *bien entendu*—and, judging by these, English novelists seem to have more distinction than ours. Take Georges Ohnet, for example. What is one to think of the French *bourgeoisie* that reads and admires his works? They sell by the thousand, and yet how commonplace, how vulgar! See this screen. I have covered it with caricatures of scenes from the 'Maitre de Forges,' the 'Grande Marnière,' and others. The words, you perceive, are literal extracts from the books. It is only when one reflects on them, and sees them illustrated, that one realises their absurdity. I do not find the same defects in English literature, except, indeed, in one or two novels by Wilkie Collins. I do not particularly care for the English as a nation, to be quite frank—you know, you told me you were not an Englishwoman, so I can speak my mind—but it seems to me that in everything they have *beaucoup de distinction*."

"Ah! Madame, you read of their best, evidently. They, too, have their Ohnets."

We spoke of the Philistine in literature and art, the fatal influence of the sentimental and the merely pretty.

"In England you all admire Sir Frederick Leighton's works immensely, do you not?"

"Speaking personally, I don't; but, no doubt, there are many who do."

"Well, I am glad you do not care particularly for his style, for neither do I. There is no life, no depth in his work—to my mind."

"Of course, it is very different in its aims and subjects from that of the younger school of artists, who are largely influenced by French thought."

"It wearies me," said "Gyp."

"May I ask, Madame, what are your favourite amusements?"

"Painting, first of all; after that, riding and boating. We have a country place near Caen, where we often spend the summer, and when there I pass much of my time on the water." I rose to take my leave. "Wait a moment," cried Madame de Martel, "till I get you the book I promised you," and she ran lightly upstairs, while I looked and laughed at her wonderful illustrations of Ohnet, done with a dash and spirit that would make the fortune of a comic paper. She returned in a few minutes, bearing a copy of "Le Journal d'un Philosophe," wherein she had written a friendly inscription in a splendid, bold hand, quite unlike that of other Frenchwomen, and far more dashing and characteristic than that of most Englishwomen.

"Whenever you come to Paris," she said, as we parted, "remember that I am always at home from four o'clock on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and will be glad to see you," so, with a cordial hand-clasp, I said "Au revoir" to a woman who, as a typical *grande dame*, as novelist, and as artist, has won for herself distinction in three separate spheres.

C. O'CONOR ECCLES.

The other day, at Ferrara, Paganini introduced the novelty of having his music accompanied by a dancer, which provoked some hisses from the gallery. Paganini took no notice for the moment, but presently he announced that he was about to imitate the song of various birds. Before beginning, however, he extracted from his violin a strident, but unmistakable "hi-han." "That," said he, "is for the man who hissed." The gallery was at once beside itself with fury, and a contingent rushed down and proceeded to scramble across the orchestra in pursuit of the musician, who only just succeeded in making good his escape by the stage-door. He left Ferrara by the next train.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

For those with a keen appetite for American humour of the strictest native order comes Bill Nye's "History of the United States" (Chatto). It is not very exquisite fooling, but there is a good deal of shrewd sense and very justifiable hard-hitting in it, as, for instance: "Heretofore among the politicians a platform, like that on the railway cars, was made for the purpose of helping the party to get aboard, but not to ride on."

I am glad to see that Sir Frederick Pollock remonstrates with Mr. Walter Besant for his absurdly exaggerated wrath at the importation of Tauchnitz editions. Mr. Besant proposes that "wardens of the yard should stand at the gates and feel passengers as they pass, and expert hands would detect Tauchnitz in the coat pocket, and a substantial fine judiciously and sternly administered would do the rest. No doubt, Tauchnitz should be left behind and the law should be obeyed, but not for all the authors in the country will a tourist consent to be further annoyed at the Custom Houses. Mr. Besant's calculations of the mischief done by importation is delightfully astonishing even for him. He calculates that there are at least 300,000 travellers from the British Isles on the Continent: each of them buys one volume of the Tauchnitz series, and half of them bring back a volume, "to the great detriment and loss of books printed in this country."

The second series of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" (Chatto and Windus) rivals in interest the first. On the whole, it is the more delightful volume of the two, for Mr. Austin Dobson is gaining very surely that fine, rare touch of the memoir-writer. Is there nothing or nobody in the life of to-day he could use his skill on for the delight of our grandchildren? Are we too lacking in distinction? There must have been a plentiful lack of distinction in many of the personages he sketches so finely, but superficial awkwardnesses and vulgarities grow into quaintnesses, and acquire an interest and charm with the haze of a century between.

Of all the "Vignettes" the only one not hitherto printed is the most delightful. Its subject is Lady Mary Coke, daughter of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, whom Sir Walter introduces as a child of twelve into the interview of Jeanie Deans with the ducal household. Lady Mary was a diarist for twenty-five years, and her journals, along with an account of herself and her family written by Lady Louisa Stuart in 1827, have recently been printed for private circulation.

Mr. Dobson's selections and comments show us an admirably life-like portrait of a woman of strong character, or, at least, of strong impulse—hard to govern, easy to ridicule, and very delightful, regarded from our present safe distance. The mixture in her of hard determination, gushing sentiment, and eccentricity is illustrated by the accounts of her marriage, of one of her flirtations, and of her death. During her engagement to Lord Coke, she subjected him "to all the disdain and aversion with which the 'scornful ladies' of Restoration comedy are wont to discipline their lovers." He stuck to her and to her fortune till their marriage, but left his wife at the church door, as a first taste of conjugal discipline. Lady Mary retaliated by maintaining the position with spirit and successful obstinacy. When her husband died, her affections were given to Edward Duke of York, and expressed in the most high-flown fashion. The Prince regarded the affair as an excellent joke, but after his premature death she enjoyed deep melancholy, and continued to allude to him in her journal as "the person who is gone." After a varied but not very triumphant career, considering that she was a great heiress and a great beauty, she died at Chiswick in the second decade of this century, and "is reported to have insisted on quitting this vale of tears with a high-crowned beaver hat upon her head."

Among the other vignettes of special charm are "Johnson's Library," "The Topography of Humphrey Clinker," and "At Tully's Head"—an account of the remarkable footman, Dodsley, who became the book-seller, publisher, and patron of wits as well as a very respectable verse maker and dramatist. There is a most amiable, indeed a too kindly, description of "Little Roubillac," the perpetrator of many sculptural atrocities in England, and a particularly sympathetic review of "The Journal of Stella." In some of these there is nothing due to unusual research or scholarship, perhaps, but so few people know how to look for things, or can see them in proportion once they've found them, or can find the picturesque in them till it has been pointed out. Mr. Dobson can do all these, and he can write gracefully and humorously, and with an enthusiasm for old ways tempered by common-sense and sanity.

He is partly responsible for another pleasant book that has just appeared, having written the introduction to, if he did not make the selection that inspired, Mr. Hugh Thomson's new picture-book, "Corridon's Song and Other Verses" (Macmillan). The song that Walton quoted, and Chalkhill probably wrote, is a delightful one, with its cheerful refrain—

Then care away,  
And wend along with me,

and full of suggestions for pictures. So, too, are the others, among which will be found "The Angler's Song," "A Journey to Exeter," "A-Hunting We Will Go," and "Sir Dilberry Diddle," all of the olden time. But though Mr. Hugh Thomson has made a very pretty book, he has failed to take advantage of one opportunity. The character in the personages of his pictures is very faintly expressed, and, again, though the costumes are picturesque, in many cases they are a great deal more Dutch than English.

O. O.

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## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The theatrical wave of "good business," which for a brief time made the hearts of managers rejoice, shows signs already of slackening and ebbing. Activity enough there is, all the known authors and some unknown being before, or about to be before, the public. There are two Grundys and a Jones running in London, and a Pinero and another Jones will soon be added. Of musical pieces there will be a plethora. Here, more than in other departments of the drama, do managers follow each other, even if the result be only that they run violently down a steep place into the Bankruptcy Court.

"Cigale" ran a year, and forthwith all the theatres flamed out into French light opera, and sickened the public for that kind of entertainment for a term of years. "Variety" pieces found some favour, and all the world produced variety pieces, even dragging specimens over from America to show that the Britisher had not yet sounded all the depths of imbecility. Musical comedies of a more coherent kind are in a fair way to be hunted into the ground by a clamorous pack of managers. Why can't people specialise more? If only managers and authors had possessed a little originality, we might have had some of the temporarily extinct species of piece still with us.

We want less eager greed and more intelligence and originality. Let each manager try to have a specialty, such as Savoy opera was—and may be still, though in new quarters—such as Adelphi melodrama once was, and seems to be again: such as Drury Lane spectacular drama has been and is. The kaleidoscopic changes of theatre, entertainment, and cast to which our theatres are often subject puzzle and baffle the theatre-going public. In a new theatre, or an unfortunate one, the trouble, as all managers know, is to form a conservative and faithful audience for the "cheap parts." Stall and box people will come anywhere to see what they like. It is the lesser sort that act by habit; and you may sometimes at a new piece see stalls, boxes, and dress circle crowded, and with no paper, but hard cash, while pit and gallery remain half empty, and continue so during some part of a prosperous run.

Shall we ever have Mr. Irving's notion of Municipal Theatres realised? "I doubt it," said the (stage) carpenter, And shed a bitter tear." And what would the theatres be like when we got them? In most places, very like the unmunicipal theatres of the present, booking dates for touring companies with a London success; in a few cases, restricted to the good and even goody-goody, and dying of inanition; in fewer and other cases attempting artistic work, and probably forfeiting local support, for the level of the Municipal Theatre would be that of the municipal authorities themselves on the average. And excellent as many of these persons may be, they are not chosen for their knowledge of the drama; in fact, "on the whole, they are not intelligent." How would it be if the faddists of the Anti-Everythings captured the Town Council? Then we might have the stage occupied by moral and improving pieces; perhaps, fortified by copious bumpers of ginger-ale, the temperance crowds will flock to witness Tolstoi's opera, "The Distiller," if it be true that that always rather childish genius has written such a peculiarly ridiculous thing as a temperance opera.

One of our best-known dramatic critics has been remarking on the inexpediency and unseemliness of managers of theatres ostensibly collaborating in the pieces they produce. Undoubtedly, the practice should be discouraged. Critics are the judges who charge the jury of the public when an author is on his trial; and, though we are not likely to see the scandal of a critic-dramatist oscillating, so to speak, between the dock and the bench, yet when he is *particeps criminis* one cannot expect his brother judges to regard him impartially. Without any corrupt intent, the practice of dramatic critics being also dramatists might very easily lead to some of the worst effects of a conscious system of blackmailing. Rightly or wrongly, when a critic of plays is also a writer of plays he will always be viewed with suspicion. He is subjected at times to a strong temptation to show partiality—a temptation all the more insidious in that it appeals to his good nature and vanity even more than to his money interests. It is not in human nature to be hard on managers who show the good taste to prefer our productions to all others. "Writes himself" is perennially the most damaging insinuation against a critic's fairness. A dramatic critic should be able to write a drama, and should scrupulously refrain from doing so.

MARMITON.

## FROM THIRLMERE TO MANCHESTER.

At last the enterprising citizens of Manchester have witnessed the inauguration of the supply of water from Thirlmere Lake. In the history of the city, 1894 will stand out with clear distinction, by reason of the completion of the two great water schemes over which Manchester has rejoiced. The town of Leicester, which is just now in the throes of



LAKE THIRLMERE.

a water famine, must look longingly at the splendid sufficiency which is now assured to Manchester. The work, which was consummated on Oct. 13, has taken several years to accomplish, and will rank as one of the famous engineering feats of her Majesty's reign. The whole topography of Thirlmere has been altered. The lake itself was raised 50 ft. above its former elevation from the sea-level for two reasons. One was to double the storage capacity of the lake, and the other to give the water a sufficient "fall." A dam, 18 ft. 6 in. wide at the top and 50 ft. wide at its lowest base, was constructed as a commencement. A roadway, 16 ft. wide, went over the dam. The water has had to be



conveyed nearly one hundred miles. About a sixth of the distance was tunnelled, the remainder consisting of piping on a large scale of "cut and cover"—that is, trench-work to contain the aqueduct, which is subsequently embedded.

## CUB-HUNTING.

Nothing is perfect in this most disappointing of all possible worlds. Nor do the lines of even a cub-hunting squire with a perfect digestion lie always in appropriately pleasant places. Howls of execration are now, indeed, daily heard in the Shires, where the nasty habit of "wire" seems to grow and flourish, all sporting codes notwithstanding. Cub-hunting, though in full swing, becomes, therefore, anything but unmitigated joy when every surrounding fence is threaded with death-dealing wire, and I have heard more nervous invective within the past week, in a pastoral county, too, than I would have credited my neighbour's vocabulary with holding. Farmers will be unreasoning to the end of the chapter, or they would surely understand that the very men whose lives and horses they endanger are those on whom they depend for the sale of oats and straw, commodities much more profitable to raise than wheat in these days of the cheap loaf and competition. That hunting men must have oats and straw is plain enough; ought it not be equally clear to the producers that wire fencing makes hunting dangerous to impossibility. There is no law which can be brought to bear, but if the British farmer's sporting instincts are slumbering, surely his chronic necessities of pocket ought to point out a more politic and palatable method of fencing-in.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

We appear to be on the eve of a revolution in Rugby football. Ever since the men of Yorkshire and the north generally tried to carry their resolution for payment of out-of-pocket expenses, and were defeated, the fires of professionalism have been smouldering over the broad acres of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Already one Lancashire club has been convicted of professionalism, and at the time of writing another is on its trial. It is said that the Salford club may make confessions that will implicate others, and that, practically speaking, the whole County Palatine is a network of veiled professionalism.

It did not require the recent pilgrimages of Yorkshire football agents to Gloucester in search of players to apprise us of the fact that Yorkshire Rugby football, although nominally amateur, is practically in the hands of men who, in one form or another, are paid for their services. The common plan of procedure appears to be to first capture your player, then get him installed in some nominal position in a public-house, and pay him a handsome salary, with liberty to go where he chooses and when

Yorkshire forwards have been the bulwark and backbone of English International teams.

I have before now remarked on the extraordinary versatility of C. B. Fry, the triple blue of Oxford. He has lately taken to play at three-quarter back for the Blackheath club, and I understand that he intends to do his best to get into the Oxford Rugby fifteen, and thus secure what will be his fourth blue. If he succeeds, as he ought to, this will make a record for a 'Varsity athlete, and one that will be very difficult to beat. If the present year be not Mr. Fry's last at Oxford University, there is no reason why, if his inclinations lie that way, he should not secure still another athletic honour. I understand that he knows something of rowing, and if he were to devote himself to oarsmanship for a season it is quite on the cards that a man of his magnificent physique would work his way to a seat in the 'Varsity eight.

The Blackheath club appears to be even stronger than last season, and that means that it is about the strongest combination in England, if we exclude Newport, which, although nominally in England, is always



THE CYCLIST SECTION OF THE 5TH HANTS (ISLE OF WIGHT, PRINCESS BEATRICE) RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. KNIGHT, NEWPORT.

he chooses. No doubt, these men are valuable to the publican in acting as decoys to the club supporters, who, of course, will come indoors and drink to their particular hero.

It seems to me only a question of time as to when the majority of Yorkshire and Lancashire clubs will throw aside the veil, and come forth into the light of day as full-fledged professionals. When such a thing does take place, as is inevitable, those clubs who declare themselves professionals will by the very act sever themselves from the Rugby Union, which is by its constitution an amateur body. This, it appears to me, is the only really regrettable point in the proceedings. Of course, it would remain for the Rugby Union to say whether they would allow affiliated clubs to play with professional clubs, who, would then be out of the jurisdiction of the Rugby Union. I am inclined to think that the Rugby Union is too conservative a body to do anything of the kind, and yet I don't see why they should not allow amateur and professional clubs to meet. Surely, if it be the wish of an amateur club to play a professional team, it is their look-out and nobody else's. No harm has come of the meeting of professional and amateur clubs in friendly rivalry under Association rules, and I see no reason why, when professionalism does come in the Rugby game, the clubs inside and outside of the Union should not agree to meet. So far as International matches are concerned, I am afraid that if England were to leave out the best players of Yorkshire and Lancashire she would stand a very poor chance indeed against the other nations. I am not a particular admirer of Yorkshiremen and Yorkshire methods, but I cannot get away from the fact that for the past five years, at least,

looked upon as a Welsh stronghold. It is, perhaps, worth remarking that Blackheath was the only club to defeat Newport on Welsh territory last season. Up to date, Blackheath have not been fully tested, nor do I think the Old Merchant Taylors, whom they play next Saturday, will give the Heathens serious trouble. On the week following, Liverpool will be due at Rectory Field, but the visitors have done nothing to justify the hope of a victory. It will not be until Nov. 3 that the first really important match of the London season will be played. That is the occasion of the visit of the London Scottish to Blackheath. This fixture is, to some extent, looked upon as an International one, seeing that both sides include many of the best men in Scotland and England.

In the League Championship Everton still maintain their position at the head of affairs. It was their good fortune—no doubt, self-created—to win their match at Bolton, where Sunderland met with disaster. Everton's record, although a very fine one, is not yet quite equal to the season of 1890-91, when they ran through no fewer than fifteen matches before they met with a defeat. So enamoured are some of the critics of Everton's methods that they predict an unchequered career for a good many matches to come. Next Saturday they meet Blackburn Rovers, and, although the latter are always difficult to beat, the Evertonians ought not to fail at this obstacle. On the week following we shall see a more crucial test. This will be the meeting of Everton and Sunderland. The general impression is that, while Sunderland play a prettier and, perhaps, a more scientifically correct game, the Everton men possess a dash and a brilliancy which is more likely to win matches.

I cannot help thinking that Aston Villa are a better team than their

[Continued on page 665.]

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(Home Treatment Suggested.)

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PROF. CH. FAUVEL, M.D.

performances would appear to show. Almost every club has its run of bad luck, and I think the Villans have passed through their bad time. Next Saturday they play Small Heath on their opponents' ground, and, although the little Heathens have defeated several of the good clubs recently, I shall look to the Villans to win this match. Sheffield United have done extraordinary well in League matches, and are not unlikely to finish in the first four. If only they can succeed in defeating Stoke next week, their position will be stronger than ever.

The Southern League has created an immense interest in the south of England. Perhaps no match has caused more interest than that played between Luton Town and Millwall Athletic the other week. Up to a certain point Luton appeared likely to win, and were actually leading by a goal at half-time. On crossing over, however, Millwall made their effort, and scored four times in quick succession. Once more Luton came away, and scored twice, but lost the game by three to four. Mr. Whittaker, the referee, came in for a good deal of abuse from the Luton crowd, who are rapidly making a bad name for themselves. Mr. Whittaker may and probably did make mistakes, as every referee is bound to do, but I feel certain, from what I know of the gentleman, that he would be the last man in the world to favour either side. It is to be hoped that when the return match is played at Millwall the spectators will hold their feelings better in check. Contrary to expectations, the Clapton club is going very strongly in League matches, while the Royal Ordnance, which was expected to take leading place, is showing wretched form. Chatham, too, are weak, and Swindon will require to improve immensely if they are to keep out of the last three. In the Second Division of the Southern League, New Brompton, a professional team, are carrying everything before them. It seems almost a pity that this club should not have been in the First Division, as it is certainly equal, if not superior, to one-half of the First Division teams. Maidenhead is also going well, and Uxbridge is occupying a good position.

#### ATHLETICS.

They do manage some things very peculiarly in America. I notice that the New York Athletic Club held a meeting the other day, and suggested that arrangements should be made for holding international sports between the New York Club and the Oxford University team. It is also proposed that a series of contests takes place in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The New York Athletic Club is, no doubt, a highly respectable body, but if they imagine that Oxford University is to send over a team to engage in a series of exhibition matches they are very grievously mistaken. It is just possible that Oxford University may send a team of athletes to America next year, but if so, their primary object, if not the only one, will be to meet the athletes of Yale College who visited this country last season. If the New York Athletic Club are really desirous of getting on a match with Oxford University, they might suggest to the Oxford men the advisability of playing one match before returning to the Old Country. It is said that if Oxford refuses to meet the New York club, then the latter will send a team to England in 1895 to contest the championships. I fail to see the connection between the refusal and the threatened American invasion, but I have no doubt that all athletes will be very pleased to see a New York team here next year. They have got two very capable athletes in Lee and Kilpatrick. The former is a sprinter of unusual ability, and the latter is a half-miler who would give our own champion, C. E. Bredin, a very hard run for honours.

OLYMPIAN.

#### ELECTRIC LIGHT IN CHURCHES.

The electric light is gradually making its way into London churches, and one of the latest additions to the list of ecclesiastical edifices that have adopted this method of illumination is St. Saviour's, Paddington, where the installation is the gift of a generous parishioner. The Vicar of St. Saviour's, Mr. Marshall Tweddell, will be very favourably remembered by the parishioners of St. James's, Piccadilly, as one of the curates of that popular church. It was during the time that Mr. Tweddell held that curacy that he became engaged to the second daughter of the late Mr. Ruthven Pym, then the agent of the Bank of England in Burlington Gardens. Among other handsome and interesting additions to St. Saviour's, Paddington, are seven beautiful sanctuary lamps, which have been presented by the vicar and his wife in memory of the lady's parents, who died within a few days of each other not many months ago.

#### FROM THE ISLE OF MAN.

Two good true stories come to me fresh from Manxland. One tells of a sturdy Scotchman who spent his Sunday morning swimming far out in Ramsey Bay, and on his return to the shore was shocked to find his little lad paddling. Him he sternly rebuked with the words, "You should not wade on the Sabbath," just after he had himself been committing the more heinous offence of swimming. In ordinary mundane matters this canny Scot was not so wanting in logical thought. Talcbit No. 2 (to borrow a word from the vocabulary of Mr. Arthur Roberts) hails from a well-known hotel at Douglas, where a typical Lancashire self-made man was ordering his lunch from a waiter new from the south, and unaccustomed to the ways of these shrewd but rough folk. Thinking he was providing something of a delicacy, the waiter first brought the inside of a lobster, which he placed with a complacent air before the Lancashire lad. The latter, however, sniffed, snorted, and called out sharply, "Nay, lad; take this muck away, and bring me a foot" (*Anglicè*, a claw). I leave the dialect alone for fear of blundering.—z.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Jolly Sir John, or "The Mate," as the late Sir John Astley was known to his friends, was very unlucky in his commercial ventures, and everything he touched seemed to fail. He was at one time connected with the defunct Hull Racecourse. He also helped to start Hamilton Park, and left the Hurst Park management just before the meeting commenced to pay. Sir John was, too, a director of a Patent Horse-Collar Company that failed to pay any large dividends. He was, however, popular wherever he went, and was one of the select of the Marlborough Club. Sir John affected the red necktie and white bowler, and, of course, the fat cigar.

Mr. Charles Hannam, who is well known on the Turf as the chief professional backer, is a fine-looking young man, who has risen from a very humble position to become very rich. Mr. Hannam is a keen, hard-headed

Yorkshireman, who seemingly knows how to size up the form of racehorses, and one of our biggest layers once told me that, in his opinion, Mr. Hannam simply made huge sums by acting entirely on his own judgment. He has on several occasions won as much as £20,000 on a single race. This is the amount he is credited with having netted when *La Flèche* was successful in the Cambridgeshire. He netted over this amount by backing the non-favourites in a couple of matches at Newmarket last year. *Per contra*, at the last Ascot meeting he dropped about £25,000, but paid the lot up with a happy smile on his face. Mr. Hannam is an athletic young man. He, one



Photo by A. Sachs, Bradford.

MR. C. HANNAM.

morning in the summer, swam from pier to pier at Brighton in almost a fastest on record. His nerve is strong, and no wonder that he downs the pigeons with the best of them, while he plays a capital game of billiards. Up to now his business methods have answered well, and he has held his own against the ring. His commercial education has not been neglected, as he has invested some of his makings in the debenture bonds of his native town in Yorkshire.

The Cambridgeshire will be the race of the year, so far as speculation is concerned, and I fancy before the flag falls nearly every starter will boast a quotation of some sort. As I have said before, *Son of a Gun* must have a great chance, and I hardly see what is to beat John Porter's horse, unless it is *Encounter*, trained in W. Goater's stable. I am advised that the latter is so good that they have nothing equal to trying him. I believe the stable followers backed the horse in the French lists before he gained a brace of victories at Goodwood. Ex-selling-platers are the animals to follow nowadays.

As I hinted in these columns months ago, the authorities are determined to put a stop to betting offices, but they have not yet raided certain so-called bucket-shops, that are only used for betting on horse races. However, as Disraeli said, "The time will come," and that before very long. The powers that be, too, are actively engaged in combating the coupon nuisance, which has grown to rather large dimensions, and bids fair to become more popular than any of the guessing competitions ever did.

Sir Blundell Maple has been such a good patron of racing that no one will begrudge him his victory in the Cesarewitch. Sir Blundell, after wasting some years in trying to win races with platers, decided to run his stable on commercial lines. He discovered, what I have all along said, that it costs no more to keep a good horse than it does a bad one, and time has proved that his high-priced purchases, such as *Childwick*, *Common*, and others were really and truly bargains. Falmouth House, at Newmarket, where Sir Blundell's trainer resides, was built by the late Fred Archer.

The Premier has an outside chance of winning the Derby again next year, as *Sir Visto* is very likely to develop into a good three-year-old. The Newmarket tip is *Kirkconell*, while John Porter will, of course, have a good look in at *Epsom*; indeed, it would not be a Derby if there were no prominent candidate from Kingsclere. The young Baronet who used to make a yearling book over the Derby got tired of the game after *Common's* victory, and no one has filled the gap; but a certain noble lord is already trying his hand with an amateur book over next year's Derby.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Right glad am I to find that, among the flowers which are destined to bloom upon our early winter millinery the violet has distinctly the place of honour, in spite of the fact that by this time Dame Fashion might well have put it gently on one side without running the risk of being called fickle. However, she still remains faithful to her old love, and, in consequence, we can all bedeck our hats and bonnets with the dainty wee flower, which is becoming to almost everyone, and which always looks seasonable and pretty. Extremes invariably meet; so next in the order of favouritism come chrysanthemums, huge as to size, and artistically ragged as to appearance, their colours, many-hued as Joseph's coat, keeping up last season's reputation for startling vividity; while in distinct contrast to these far-spreading blossoms are the neat, stiffly-outlined dahlias, which are going to make another bid for popularity, though their previous introduction resulted in distinct failure. As to the latest Parisian inspirations in the form of millinery, those of you who want information on this all-absorbing question had better prepare to follow me—in spirit for the moment, and in the body at the earliest possible opportunity—to the charmingly fitted-up show-rooms at 40, Conduit Street, whither Madame Yorke has transferred herself from the old establishment at No. 51, where you first made her acquaintance. She has just returned from the city of novelties, and brought back in her train one of Virot's head milliners, whose deft fingers and inventive brain will be at the service of Madame Yorke's fortunate clients during the season.

And now to tell of some of the good things provided for your adornment. I am still under the thrall of an exquisite hat fashioned of black velvet, the crown wreathed round with a twist of rose-pink satin ribbon, which is tied in a great bow at the left side, while at the right a long loop forms a background for a loose cluster of Neapolitan violets; filmy draperies of yellowish old lace being intermixed with the ribbon with exceedingly good effect. Under the brim there is a ribbon rosette of goodly proportions, which would show up to perfection against the dark hair of the wearer, who should, of course, to do this hat justice, be a sparkling brunette. Nothing could be more picturesquely lovely for bridesmaids' wear, so I commend this hat to the favourable notice of

with black velvet, and the crown surrounded by a rouleau of turquoise-blue velvet, which also composes the two upstanding ears at the back. For further trimming there are two sable tails, a bunch of pinkish-mauve and crimson dahlias, and a frill of white lace, which covers the brim, the result being a perfectly smart and original hat. For the benefit of more ordinary mortals, let me record the charms of a hat which has a broad brim of nut-brown felt and a soft, full crown of petunia velvet, wreathed round with delicately-shaded velvet primulas, toning from pink to mauve; a huge bow of satin ribbon adorning the left



THE "TURRET" HAT.



A BEAUTIFUL TOQUE.

brides-elect. The next place, on account of its novelty, is due to a quaint little hat of black felt, the peaked brim bordered with a tiny gathering of black silk, and turned up at each side with closely-clustered puffs of velvet in shades of pink, crimson, brown, and green, a touch of pink satin being introduced at the left side, from which rises a high fan of black silk. Bridesmaids—fortunate individuals—are again specially catered for in a delightful hat of white beaver, the brim bound narrowly

side; while those who patronise bonnets should turn their attention to a delightful specimen in geranium-pink mirror velvet, with a high granny crown and a bunched-out brim, caught in here and there with cunning—no other word expresses their appearance—little sealskin heads, and a great brush osprey standing erect at the left side. The velvet strings match the sealskin in colour. Nor would my category be complete without a toque, so please imagine one of black beaver as to the outside, and pale tan felt as to the inside, the original plateau shape being twisted about in the most fantastic way, and a black velvet bandeau raising it slightly from the hair. A parrot of green and black plumage is perched at the left side, and in one of the curves at the right side nestle two Japanese chrysanthemums, pink and yellow as to colouring, two others, larger and still more ragged, falling on to the hair at the back.

Then, as ocular demonstration is always more convincing than any number of words, let me present to you the two accompanying illustrations, which should put an end to hesitation on the part of anyone who has not yet completed the purchase of their new millinery. Taking the hat first, I must tell you that it is christened the "Turret" on account of the shape of its brim, which is of black felt, the soft crown being of velvet in a lovely shade of green. It is trimmed with two ears of the velvet and a beautifully marked quill, which rises from satin rosettes, and, though exceptionally smart and becoming, it is an eminently durable and serviceable hat, which, as I think you will allow, is wonderfully cheap for thirty shillings. As to the toque, it is, indeed, a thing of beauty, which would be a joy to the heart of the wearer when a smart *matinée* or "At Home" was the order of the day; and I can think of nothing more charming than a bevy of bridesmaids whose dainty costumes were crowned by one of these toques, each, maybe, decorated with some different flower. The particular one sketched is of golden-brown mirror velvet, the fluted brim turned up high on the left side with a cluster of pelargoniums, those dainty, velvety flowers which are glorified editions of the humbler geranium, and which look lovely in their varied shades of pink and crimson. At the left side there is another cluster of the same flowers, in somewhat darker shades, and two or three stray blossoms rest at the base of the beautiful brown aigrette, which, with a large steel buckle, forms the

[Continued on page 669.]

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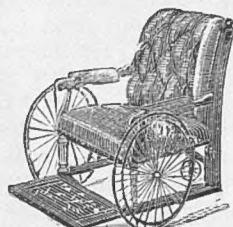
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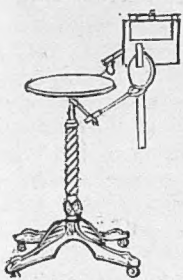


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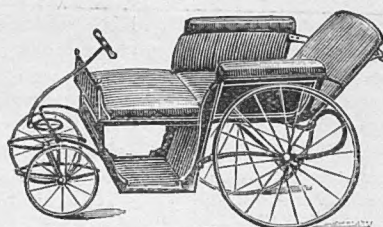
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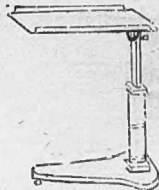
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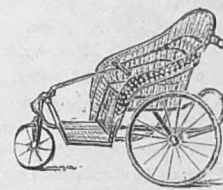


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Made in 5 Sizes: Size 0, 27 to 30 in.; Size 1, 30 to 33 in.; Size 2, 33 to 36 in.; Size 3, 36 to 39 in.; Size 4, 39 to 42 in. Larger Sizes to Order.

Providing the accurate measure of the bust is taken, i.e., round the back and front under the arms, and the size selected is within the measurement named, this Corselet is guaranteed to fit.

THE "KHIVA" CORSELET CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED AT THE DEPOTS AS UNDER:

Sole Depots: West District: Jno. Barker & Co., High St., Kensington. North District: Crisp & Co., Seven Sisters Rd. East District: T. R. Roberts, Ltd., Broadway, Stratford. South District: Jones & Higgins, Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.

HEAD DEPOT: "KHIVA," LTD., F42, POULTRY, E.C.

Highest Award at Chicago, 1893.  
*Lanoline*

Toilet "Lanoline".....6d & 1/2.  
"Lanoline" Soap.....6d & 1/2.  
"Lanoline" Pomade....1/6.  
& Cold Cream.

"Once tried, always used."

Nothing is better  
Should be used in every household, as for the complexion.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

## ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE.

"A charming Scent."— "The sweetest  
H.R.H. The Duchess of York. of sweet odours."

ATKINSON'S IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers, and of the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.

CHICKEN, RABBIT, MUTTON, LOBSTER, PRAWNS, SAUCE, POWDER, CHUTNEE, PASTE, &c.

HALFORD'S

TRADE MARK.



INDIAN CURRIES

Wholesale Depot:—

12, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON.

ONE BOX OF

DR. MACKENZIE'S IMPROVED HARMLESS ARSENIC WAFERS will produce the most lovely complexion that the imagination could desire. Clear, Fresh, freed from Blemish, Coarseness, Redness, Freckles, or Pimples. Sent post free, 4s. 6d.

To whiten the hands and skin, use DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL TOILET SOAP. 1s. per Tablet; 3 for 2s. 6d.; postage 3d. S. HARVEY (Dept. 35), 12, Gaskarth Road, Baltham Hill, London, S.W. Send stamped envelope for Pamphlet.

# "The Distingué"

FOR ALL WEATHERS AND ALL WEARERS.

In Cold Weather it serves as a Mantle. To Rain or Storm it offers absolute defiance.

To be had from leading Drapers, Mantle Houses, Clothiers, &c. Be careful to ask for "THE DISTINGUÉ."

RETAILERS CAN OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES FROM THE PRINCIPAL WHOLESALE WAREHOUSEMEN IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

## WATERPROOF

Free from the disagreeable odour of the ordinary macintosh. Perfection of Style and Finish. Charming Patterns. A Perfect Waterproof Mantle.

If you desire a Waterproof guaranteed to give thorough satisfaction, look for "The Distingué" silk label.

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.



BERTIE (in his new waterproof): "Why carry an umbrella, Mamma, when you have your 'Distingué' on?"  
MAMMA: "Oh! the umbrella is only to protect my new Hat, my dear."



trimming at the back. With this toque is worn a deep neckband of brown satin ribbon, outlined with two rows of narrow steel trimming, and tying at the back in a large bow with long ends. At each side in front there is a tiny bouquet of the same flowers which adorn the hat, and this, the latest novelty from Paris, is so absolutely *chic* and charming that we shall all speedily and infallibly capitulate before its charms.

I will let this be my last example of Madame Yorke's productions in the way of millinery, for it cannot be beaten; but just a word or two I must give to some charmingly pretty little additions to evening gowns, by means of which you can smarten up and alter the appearance of almost any dress, if you have a mind to be economical, until such time as the demands of the season necessitate new ball gowns, and which are quite pretty and dainty enough to claim a place upon the new gowns when they put in an appearance. For instance, there is a shoulder-strap and bow of cherry-coloured ribbon, caught with a little bunch of dark-hued violets and a red camellia, a corsage bouquet of the same flowers finishing the long loop of ribbon which falls on to the bodice. For the hair there is a little twist of ribbon and a spray of flowers mounted on a tortoise-shell comb. Equally effective in an entirely different way is a quilling of delicate pink satin ribbon, which is placed in the centre of the corsage, and



AN IDEAL COSTUME.

finished with great loops, which pass over the shoulders and form a background for long-stalked sprays of Malmaison carnations, a knot of ribbon and two or three flowers being provided for the hair. Then, for outlining the décolletage, there is a pretty arrangement of pink chiffon, the puffs caught in with clusters and trails of wild roses. Another—but, there, you have followed me quite long enough in the spirit, and it is high time that you betake yourself in the flesh to 40, Conduit Street; so now let me endeavour to win the regard and earn the gratitude of those golf-lovers, tourists, and sportswomen who are not so wrapped up in the pursuit of their particular pastime as to lose sight of the womanly wish to appear to the best advantage while so pursuing, by suggesting to them an ideal costume, which, as the accompanying sketch will show, is quite practical and business-like, and yet so pretty and becoming that it is calculated to work dire havoc among the masculine beholders, and raise up envy and green-eyed jealousy among less fortunate sisters. A similar costume was worn not very long since, I may tell you, in a scene on the moors by a charming actress, noted for her perfect taste in dress. The skirt, which is just short enough to show off a trim foot and ankle to the best advantage, is intended to be of black serge, and is bound with a narrow edging of tan leather, which also composes the waistbelt. The coat bodice, of tan cloth, is finished with gold buttons and tabs of black braid, and is worn over a somewhat elaborate vest arrangement, which comprises a turned-down collar and shirt-front of soft white silk, with lapels of black satin, and a hankerchief drapery of red silk spotted with white, and finished with a deep band of gold braiding, the deep shaped tabs of red silk, which fall on to the skirt, being edged with narrow braid to match. A little cap, in which a black quill is stuck jauntily, completes a costume which will, I hope, find enough favour in your eyes to merit the imitation which is the most sincere flattery.

#### BEAUTIFUL TAPESTRIES.

Having now paid a very considerable amount of attention to our personal adornment, I think that we cannot do better than turn our thoughts for a few moments to the beautification of our homes, my change of allegiance having been brought about by the exceeding beauty of the new tapestries and brocades which are the latest productions of Messrs. S. J. Waring and Sons, Limited, of 181, Oxford Street, and which are lovely enough to make one forget—for the time being, at any rate—that

there are such things as chifcons in the world, and only remember curtains, portières, and upholstery in general. Just imagine, for instance, a watered ground in vieux-rose, with narrow stripes of pale blue bordering a close trellis-work in silvery-white, the space between being patterned with graceful trails of white wild roses and tender green leaves, and another, which, on a ground of forget-me-not blue satin, has a raised design in white, of roses, full-blown and budding, and having almost the appearance of an appliqué of costly lace; and then let me whisper confidentially, in order to complete your conquest, that the price of the former is nine, and of the latter only four shillings a yard. But this is only the commencement of the good things, for, starting at the modest sum of 1s. 9d. a yard, there are wonderfully effective and handsome fabrics in delicate powder-blues, warm terra-cottas, and other colours, one which appealed to me particularly, having a design of single white marguerites and clusters of roses and narcissi, tied together by ribbon streamers, and showing up well against a buttercup-yellow ground, while I quite lost my heart to the really splendid tapestries (at 2s. 10d.) which are to be had in serviceable shades of olive-green, blue, and terra-cotta. Then, let me commend to your special notice a particularly successful example of modern tapestry, which might well cost six times its actual price—3s. 6d. a yard—and which, on a pale tan ground, is patterned with quaint conventional bunches of softly-shaded pink roses and dark green leaves; and if you want to be still more economical you can be eminently artistic at the same time by means of a delightful satiny-looking material in pale blue, scattered over with single white roses and leaves, each tiny bouquet tied with a true-lovers' knot. And you can actually get this for 2s. 9d. a yard. In short, Messrs. Waring's new tapestries are eminently good to look upon, and durable to a degree; and as to the prices, I have, I think, given you enough examples to prove that they are arranged to suit even the most modestly-filled purses, though, on the other hand, you can, if you so wish, indulge in the most elaborately beautiful and correspondingly costly fabrics. However, from the least to the most expensive they are everyone perfectly artistic and beautiful, both as regards colouring and design, and you should, one and all, make a point of seeing patterns, though I would impress this advice upon about-to-be-wedded couples in particular, as, naturally, they want the prettiest and the best of everything for the adornment of their new homes.

And while on the subject of household matters it may be as well to drop in a hint as to the preservation of these fabrics of beauty when once you have secured them, for if you wish them to retain their pristine freshness for the longest possible time, it is, above all things, most important that they should not be smothered in dust when the daily carpet-sweeping takes place. It is the easiest thing in the world nowadays—thanks to modern inventive genius—to have the carpets swept both thoroughly and cleanly, and yet without a suggestion of dust, as witness the now famous "Ewbank" carpet-sweeper, which thoroughly keeps up its character of sweeping clean and raising no dust, and which, on the ground of durability alone, is specially noteworthy, as the bristles used are of the very best quality. If by chance any of you are not familiar with its appearance and qualities, the accompanying illustration will remove the first disadvantage; and as to the good qualities, you must take my word for them, until you have proved them beyond a doubt by the first trial. In most houses the old-time brooms and brushes have hidden their diminished heads for good and all before the all-conquering "Ewbank," and this is as it should be, but in any house which does not contain one the deficiency should be speedily remedied. The sweepers are sold at 14s. 6d. and 15s. 6d. by all ironmongers, furniture dealers, &c., but if you have the slightest difficulty in procuring one you should write direct to the makers, Messrs. Entwistle and Kenyon, of Accrington, for the address of the nearest agent.

FLORENCE.



#### COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

**INSURANCE TICKET.** (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

OCT. 17, 1894.

Signature .....



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Oct. 13, 1894.

The immediate effects of the late scare have left us, but the boomlet of speculation, which was in full swing a fortnight ago, has for the moment died away, probably not without advantage to the sound and quiet revival in all branches of Stock Exchange business, which is, and has been for some months, making steady, if slow, progress.

The traffic returns of the Home Railway lines published this week are a little disappointing, but of them all the best return is clearly that of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company, which shows a clear gain of over £12,000 on the figures of 1892, and of over £18,000 if compared with the Coal Strike week of last year. The effects of the dispute with the miners in Scotland have not as yet quite disappeared from the returns of the northern lines, but it is evident from the figures that the battle is nearly over, and, compared with the very heavy decreases of past weeks, the amount of traffic loss experienced by the Caledonian and North British Companies is almost insignificant. The miserable weather has to some extent affected the price of the southern passenger lines, but yesterday a renewal of the old story of some working arrangement between the Chatham and South-Eastern Companies improved matters a little. We are inclined to think that for a gamble in which there is much to gain and comparatively a trifle to lose Little Chathams are worth buying if you can afford to lock up your purchase and "possess your soul in patience" until the inevitable arrangement with the South-Eastern is arrived at. There is room for a four-point rise if the two boards would only make up their minds to agree, but we cannot see anything like a corresponding fall within the bounds of possibility. The disastrous failure of the Earl's Court Exhibition, and the loss entailed on the District Railway thereby, has been used as a pretext for putting down the price; but it must not be forgotten that next year things will be managed very much better, which will far more than recoup the company for its present loss.

It has been our duty from time to time to call your attention to the tone of many of the articles on financial matters which have appeared in the *Standard*, and on one or two occasions to point out what public mischief the methods

adopted by Mr. A. J. Wilson, the financial editor of that paper, have produced. In answer to your repeated requests we are able to send you a photograph of the famous City Editor of the *Standard*, who, whatever his faults, is at least a power with which even the strongest financial house has to reckon. Mr. Wilson, who has not inaptly been dubbed "The City Raven," is a man of strong individuality, full of shrewd common-sense, but by nature a pessimist, a hater of compromise, and, like many strong men, almost incapable of seeing that there is any other view of a situation, than the one which commends itself to him. There have been many things written by

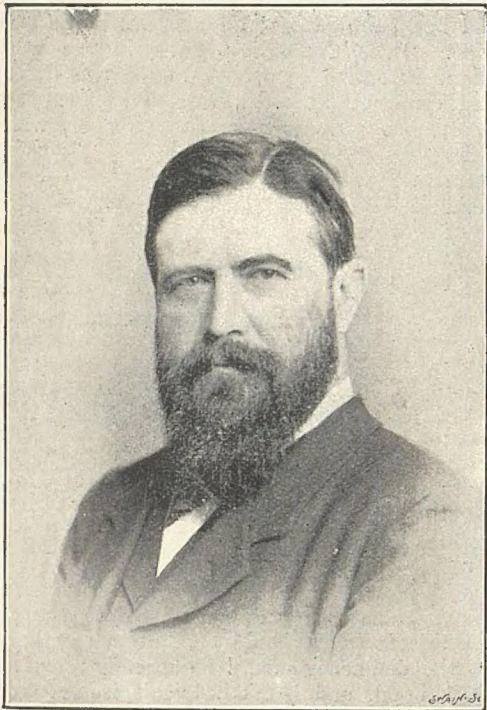


Photo by G. W. Wilson and Co.

MR. A. J. WILSON, "THE CITY RAVEN."

Mr. Wilson in the great daily paper over whose money article he presides, which have aggravated the troubles through which we have passed, but it is in the *Investor's Review*, where he has, it is said, a free hand, that you must look for financial criticism after his own heart, and probably no series of articles has been more characteristic of the man and his opinions than the attacks upon the Bank of England which attracted so much attention a few months ago. Although the Baring guarantors will escape without paying a penny, and Uruguay refuses to make a second default, Mr. Wilson has found, and will continue to find, no doubt, many abuses to expose, and not a few rotten concerns to pulverise. That he may long be spared to carry on his work is the ardent wish of all who know him.

The health of the Czar and the talk of new international borrowing have been the staple topics of conversation in the Foreign market, and, on the whole, the tone, although feverish, has been stronger than might reasonably have been expected. Chilians have been a very strong market, upon rumours of a settlement of the currency question, and upon the practical certainty that the coming sale of State nitrate grounds will produce a good round sum. The Uruguay remittances come forward with great regularity, and the general state of the republic would justify a considerable rise upon the present market price of the 3½ bonds, the

demand for which will largely increase when the purchases on account of the sinking fund begin.

The pamphlet, "An Easy Way to Speedy Fortune," which you sent us is, we believe, the common form in which Messrs. Cunliffe Russell and Co. advertise their business, and we confess that, as you say, it does seem strange for our public officials to be engaged in prosecuting missing word competitions, while the Post Office is used with impunity to encourage a different kind of gambling. The lottery bonds which Messrs. Cunliffe Russell and Co. have to vend are in the main genuine enough, and, as far as we know, the firm in question faithfully carry out their bargains; but, trading upon the ignorance of the public as to the true value of what they offer for sale, our complaint against them is that they systematically ask, and we suppose obtain, from the unwary, considerably over the market price for their goods. In order that you may judge of this for yourself, we will compare the current quotations on the Continent with Messrs. Cunliffe Russell and Co.'s prices—

| Bonds.                  | Current Prices (About) | Cunliffe Russell and Co.'s Price. |
|-------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Servia Three per Cents. | £3 10s. 0d.            | £4                                |
| Congo Free State        | £3 12s. 6d.            | £5                                |
| Ottoman Empire          | £5 5s. 0d.             | £8                                |
| Panama Canal            | £4 17s. 6d.            | £7                                |

While for the first combination of four bonds mentioned in the pamphlet £23 is asked for goods which any person can buy in the market at £17 10s., and for the second combination of sixteen bonds Messrs. Cunliffe Russell and Co. require £100, we undertake to buy the same things and deliver them to you for about £75. This advertising of lottery bonds upon these lines is, no doubt, a most remunerative enterprise, and, judging by the amount of literature with which many clients of ours are inundated, seems to be carried on upon a large scale, so that, perhaps, you will forgive us for placing the exact facts before you, even at the expense of no inconsiderable quantity of both ink and paper.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

**CASHMAN'S BRILLIANT REWARD CLAIM GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED**, is offering 40,000 shares of £1 each. Reports are made by Mr. W. J. Begelhole and Mr. J. M. Smith. The working capital is to be £15,000, and a 10-stamp battery is to be erected; but with all respect to Mr. Begelhole, we should have supposed the poorest plant of such a size would have had a capacity for treating, not 100 tons a week, but nearer 250 tons. If water sufficient for working a battery is obtained, the concern seems a fair venture.

**THE GREAT DUNDAS GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED**.—This is another Western Australian venture, which is offering 33,000 £1 shares for subscription, and is situated in the same district as Mawson's Reward Company. It is reported on by the Government geologist, who vouches for the fact that there will be abundance of water for crushing purposes. The working capital is to be £20,000, and the directors will not allot unless one half of this is subscribed.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SCEPTIC**.—The Moss Litter company you mention is quite unknown on the London market. Send us the last balance-sheet, or tell us from what source you heard of it, and we shall be better able to advise you; but if the concern is earning 15 per cent. the shares should be higher than the price you quote.

**J. J. G.**—We trust you have received our private letter.

**EMILY**.—The case of the Empire shareholders is not desperate. The Freehold Trust Company of Australia is perfectly safe; you should not sell your shares.

**W. S.**—We have sent you the name and address privately.

**JAMES**.—Having nothing to do with Percy Barclay and Co. They will accept your money, and if you win plead the Gambling Act. We will, if you like, send you the name of a respectable broker, but you must comply with our rules as to private letters.

**CHEMIST**.—The United Alkali Company is, in our opinion, by no means a desirable concern to hold shares in. We advise you to get rid of your holding as opportunity offers.

**A. C. D.**—Since your letter was written the dividend you ask our opinion upon has been declared. The company is a good and sound industrial concern. We cannot advise you to buy Coats shares at present price, for, although they may go higher, we do not consider something under 5 per cent. a reasonable return on money employed in trade, with its attendant risks.

**Mrs. H.**—We have supplied you with the information privately, and hope our letter has reached you.

**W. P. K.**—We really cannot answer your first two questions. The bonds have fallen nearly 10 per cent. in the last few days, there is a very bad market for them, and all the jobbers shake their heads. All this does not look as if the next dividend was secure, or as if a prudent man might hold on. We doubt if any jobber would make us a firm price, and dealing is quite a matter of negotiation even at the present price. The debentures of E. Lacon and Co. we consider a sound investment; they are quoted at about 109, and there is no difficulty in dealing.

**WILLIE**.—We cannot find you investments authorised by the Trustees Acts which will return 5 per cent., because there are no such things. If you invest in three—City of Wellington 6 per cent. Waterworks, or Christ Church Drainage, or Auckland 6 per cent. 1930 bonds—and in three Bank of New Zealand Estates 5½ debentures, and in £300 Louisville and Nashville 5 per cent. gold bonds, you will be as safe as can reasonably be expected, and the money will produce £49 10s. a year. If you do not like the Louisville bonds, buy Imperial Continental Gas instead.

**AFRIC**.—Buy a few Consolidated Goldfields. We send you privately, as requested, the name of a firm of brokers to deal with in whose hands you will not be robbed.